

THE LIVING AGE



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for November, 1935

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.'

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THE GUIDE POST

MORE important than the daily developments of the East African War is the great struggle that is going on between the Powers which gained territory from the last War and those which lost territory or those which gained less than, in their own estimations, they 'deserved.' The beginning of hostilities in East Africa has brought many nations face to face with the fact that the revisionist movement looks to the colonial areas of the world for a quick success. To show how far the two camps are from a peaceful settlement of the dispute, we bring our readers two views of the colonial question that are about as sharply opposed as they well could be.

Dr. Ulrich Noack is a reader in modern history at the University of Frankfurt. With a courage that is truly startling, he sets out to recarve the colonial empires of the world from Southern California all the way to the Pacific Isles. [p. 196]

WHERE Dr. Noack is generous to a fault, Lord Lugard is distinctly parsimonious. For five years Governor General of Nigeria and now British Member of the League's Permanent Mandates Commission, he shows the experienced colonial administrator's reluctance to consent to the transfer of territory. His is a plea for greater freedom of trade, for granting the 'starving' Powers a more nearly equal share in the benefits of colonies without in any way disturbing existing boundaries or allegiances. [p. 199]

THE name of Adolf Grabowski is familiar to our readers: his last contribution appeared in our August issue, under the title of 'Africa for the Europeans.' This month Herr Grabowski examines the other side of the coin: the movement—to which, indeed, the East African War may give new life—for driving the Europeans out of the Dark Continent for good. [p. 205]

JUST as in the last War Americans were persuaded that in fighting the battles of crowned rulers they were 'making the world safe for democracy,' so in the next there is grave danger that we may be called upon to help Great Britain 'make the world safe' for subject races. But if we are to keep our heads instead of falling victims to the great surges of emotion which are so likely to sweep us into war, it may be well to recall that when her own interests are threatened England can be precisely as bloody, precisely as murderous, as the Italians. Mr. Fenner Brockway, the English Labor leader, draws a deadly parallel between the East African War and certain unpleasant events in Northern India. [p. 209]

AS FLIES around the honey jar, so do munitions salesmen swarm around the embassies of nations at war. Passing himself off as one of this fraternity, Pierre Lapoussée succeeded in gaining admission to both the Ethiopian and the Italian Embassies in Paris . . . with startling, as well as amusing, results. [p. 211]

WRITING in the French political weekly, *Europe Nouvelle*, Aldo Dami reports some interesting conversations he had with well-informed Austrians. The burden of what they told him is that, come what may, sooner or later Austria will be united with Germany—and not because Germany wants it, but because the Austrians do. [p. 215]

ANOTHER traveler, this time an Englishman, reports on Czechoslovakia, that 'island of liberty in a sea of repression.' [p. 220]

FROM two very different sources—a German 'coördinated' political revue and a Spanish Socialist monthly—we bring
(Continued on page 282)

THE LIVING AGE

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The World Over

MUSSOLINI'S INVASION of Ethiopia has revealed many surprising contradictions in the society of nations. Sir Samuel Hoare, British Foreign Secretary, finds no inconsistency in maintaining imperial rule from Ireland to India and then protesting against Italian aggression in Africa in these words:—

We believe that small nations are entitled to a life of their own . . . and that backward nations are, without prejudice to their independence and integrity, entitled to expect that assistance will be afforded them by more advanced peoples in the development of their resources and the building up of their national life.

Both Winston Churchill, spokesman for the Tory die-hards, and the Labor Party have rallied to the National Government's support while J. L. Garvin's Conservative *Observer* takes the opposite view. As for Lord Rothermere's *Evening News*, it has been transformed overnight from a sabre-rattling advocate of preparedness into a cooing dove of peace. It calls the League of Nations 'a war trap and nothing else' and warns against an anti-Italian policy:—

If we pursue an anti-Italian policy, we are likely to find ourselves before long at war with a country that has always been our friend and that is now, incidentally, one of the most powerfully armed in Europe. And will the League, when that comes to pass, supply us with friends in need? Not a one. They will commend our high-mindedness—and keep out of the fuss.

And it is the same story all along the line. Germany interrupts a feverish campaign of preparation for war to endorse President Roosevelt's neutrality program and to declare its undying devotion to peace. The same French militarists who have been roaring for German blood

since their late-lamented leader earned the name of 'Poincaré-la-Guerre' now refer to the leader of the French Socialists as 'Blum-la-Guerre' because he advocates the use of sanctions against Mussolini.

But the Communists occupy the most peculiar position of any group. In London their official organ, the *Daily Worker*, appeals to the workers of the world not to handle goods destined for Italy while at the same time Soviet workers in the Black Sea ports busily ship wheat and oil to Mussolini's Fascists. John Strachey, stating the Communist position in the *New Statesman and Nation*, justifies supporting the National Government's anti-Italian attitude by quoting Lenin's words: 'To throw back the rapacious advancing Germany, we made use of the equally rapacious counter interests of the other imperialists.' By the same token, no doubt, Russian Communists justify their exports to Italy on the ground that they are undermining the rapacious imperialists of England and France.

But Russian Communists are not the only people with whom Italian Fascisti can do business nowadays. The opposition of certain British Conservatives—notably the Rothermere press—arises from recent negotiations between Deterding's Royal Dutch Shell Oil group and the Italian Government. According to the *Week*, Shell will assist Italy to purchase oil and other raw materials abroad during hostilities in exchange for a monopoly of the Italian oil market and a share in the Ethiopian oil fields. Recalling the Rickett concessions and Standard Oil's world-wide struggle against the Shell interests, the same organ analyzes the contest as part of the battle of the century for oil.

ENGLAND'S HIGH-HAT-AND-SPATS Arms Commission, which is supposed to put Senator Nye's homespun Munitions Investigation to shame, has uncovered some unsavory facts, thanks to the crude efforts of the Union for Democratic Control, which pioneered the whole field years ago. To be sure, the British Commission has removed four pages of a memorandum submitted to it by the Union and containing, among other things, statements by a Du Pont agent concerning Sir Basil Zaharoff's sales methods in the Balkans. The Commission has, however, released this description of the way profits are transferred from one subsidiary to another:—

For instance, nickel could be purchased by High Speed Steel Alloys, Ltd., in which Vickers, through the English Steel Corporation, has large holdings. High Speed Steel Alloys, Ltd., would obtain this nickel perhaps through the Steel Manufacturers Nickel Syndicate, Ltd., controlled by Vickers and other armament manufacturers, from International Nickel, a member of the Imperial Chemical Industries group, or else from S. A. le Nickel, the French concern in which Vickers has large investments. The nickel is then sold to the English Steel Corporation, who employ it in the manufacture of armament steel, which is sold in a semi-

finished condition to Vickers-Armstrongs, who turn it into the finished product. A profit is made at each stage of the transaction.

The international ramifications of the arms industry are equally close. Montagu Norman's Bank of England controls Vickers, which, in turn, has interests in Italy, Japan, and Rumania and agreements with Schneider, Krupp, and the Electric Boat Company of America. Airplanes, the newest branch of the arms industry, have become almost exclusively implements of war rather than means of peacetime transport. In 1934, the sales of aircraft on the British market came to a total of 8 million pounds, of which 6 million went into Royal Air Force orders, a million and a half into exports (chiefly military), and only half a million into domestic civil aviation.

BRITISH FINANCIAL CIRCLES are doubtless interested just now in watching Laval wrestle with the serious financial difficulties that plagued England in 1931 and finally pushed the country off the gold standard. Forced by the Bank of France to cling to gold, Laval has seen gold prices—and with them French exports—continue to fall, while in England sterling prices have remained constant and exports have increased. He has learned that France, hardly less than England, depends on world trade and has had to resort to measures as extreme as Hitler's or Mussolini's. His troubles arise from the simple fact that retail prices of bread, milk, coal, meat, and the staple household commodities fell only 13 per cent between 1928 and 1934, while wholesale prices for the same products fell 29 per cent. When the same thing happened in the United States under Hoover, Roosevelt met the situation as the British did, by attempting to raise wholesale prices and keep retail prices down. Laval, on the other hand, is trying to cut retail prices—and the shopkeeper's profit—while wholesale prices continue to drop. This, in a nutshell, is the actual difference between inflation, on the one hand, and deflation, on the other. It has required, in France, a mandatory 10-per-cent cut in rents, mortgage charges, fertilizers, electric rates, and coal and is beginning to involve direct state regulation of the prices charged by small shopkeepers.

WHERE LAVAL'S DEFLATIONARY shoe pinches is not on the financial but the social foot. Farmers in all parts of the country have begun joining the Front Paysan, a demagogic but essentially conservative organization led by one Henri Dorgères, to whom we referred in our May issue, and who is actually a viscount enjoying the support of the big landowners. Then there is de la Rocque's openly Fascist *Croix de Feu*, which also opposes Laval from the Right, while on the Left the majority of the country supports the Popular Front of Radicals, So-

cialists, and Communists. This alliance, which, in all conscience, has its contradictions, has aroused some rather surprising opposition. Pierre Gaxotte, of *Je Suis Partout*, who never misses a chance to preach a war of revenge on Germany or a Christian crusade against Russia and who constantly warns his fellow countrymen against their meagre national defense, begins a leading editorial as follows:—

Down with the popular front for war! Down with Bolshevist imperialism!
Down with the war of Blum, Boncour, and Litvinov! Long live peace over the Alps, over the Rhine, on sea and air! Enough bellicose incitements against Italy! Enough skull-cracking! Enough talk about sanctions!

What troubles M. Gaxotte, a good Catholic conservative, is the spectre of an alliance between the three atheist internationals—the Communists, the Socialists, and the Free Masons—and a crusade against Christianity disguised as a crusade against Fascism. Nor does he relish the prospect of a Popular Front government that might well be the answer of the lower and middle classes to the Fascist coup d'état that some observers who usually know what they are talking about foresee some time in November.

WHILE THE EYES of the world see in Abyssinia the spark that will ignite the next general war, the German Foreign Office takes advantage of the African diversion to attend to other matters. The visit of General Gömbös, Premier of Hungary, to Berlin, where he also met some high Polish officials, means that a German-Polish-Hungarian alliance has, to all intents and purposes, come into existence and suggests that Italy, as Hungary's first friend since the War, will finally join the German bloc. *Pester Lloyd* of Budapest devoted a long leading article recently to pointing out that Hungary and Poland had stood shoulder to shoulder against the Mongol invasion of Europe as long ago as 1241. This influential paper proposes that Hungary take advantage of Poland's good offices to improve relations with the Little Entente, especially Rumania and Yugoslavia, where, it so happens, agents of the Third Reich are promoting German domination of Central Europe by encouraging anti-Semitism. Yugoslav army officers look more favorably upon Germany than upon France, and the pro-German element has always been strong in Rumania if only because the royal family are Hohenzollerns.

But, while Germany bores from within the Little Entente, taking advantage of the precarious condition of all their governments, Poland offers no model of social stability. More than two-thirds of the membership of the new Parliament, in whose election more than half the voters chose not to go to the polls at all, are men who have never held office before, and, in spite of their loyalty to the present semi-dictatorship, they may make trouble. Nowhere does the example of the Soviet

Union affect so wide a mass of the population as in Poland, and the Nazis are fully alive to the fact that Bolshevism may again spread to Warsaw, not by military conquest, as it did in 1920, but by the path of revolution.

PSYCHOLOGISTS, HISTORIANS, and philosophers vie with each other in interpreting Mussolini's motives in waging war on Ethiopia. A special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* just back from a tour of Italy diagnoses the Duce as the victim of a Julius Cæsar complex, which came over him in the following stages:—

As a Socialist journalist, he learned from Henri Bergson the philosophy of the '*élan vital*'; from George Sorel the philosophy of violence; from Friedrich Nietzsche he learned to despise the masses, and from Machiavelli he learned the philosophy of cynicism in political rule. Then, at the top of his power, Mussolini became interested in Napoleon. As a result of these studies he wrote the drama *Campo di Maggio*, in which he reached the conclusion that Napoleon failed because he had French and not Italian soldiers at his disposal. His latest studies concern the lives of the Roman emperors. He has recently completed a play about Julius Cæsar.

Tangible evidence of Mussolini's Cæsar complex exists in the form of four huge bas-relief maps that he has had set up in Rome showing the development of the Empire from 800 B.C. until the end of Trajan's reign in 117 A.D. Schoolchildren of all ages visit these maps, from which they learn the greatness of their ancestors. Finally, in his most recent book Mussolini expounds his own brand of Fascist imperialism as follows:—

The Fascist State is will to power and domination. The Roman tradition becomes herewith an idea of might. In the Fascist doctrines the *Imperium* is not only a territorial, military, and mercantile expression, but it is a spiritual and moral idea. One can imagine an *Imperium*—that is, a nation that governs other nations, without necessitating the conquest of a single square mile of land. The endeavor for the *Imperium*—that is, for the extension of the nation—is for Fascism an expression of life; its opposite, the static spirit, is a sign of decay. Nations that are being created or that are reborn are imperialistic; only dying countries renounce. Fascism, therefore, is the most suitable doctrine to represent the inclinations and spirit of a people who, like the Italian nation, are reborn after many centuries of neglect and foreign rule.

MORE IMPORTANT than any personal whims that may have caused Mussolini's African expedition are its financial and economic effects. On August 28 the so-called Bolzano decrees compelled Italian citizens to surrender all their foreign credits and limited and placed a 10-per-cent tax on all company dividends. These measures show that the situation has gone from bad to worse of late. The budget deficit continues, as do

wage cuts, while prices rise. A clerk who makes the equivalent of \$65 or \$75 a month considers himself lucky, although he has to turn back over \$16 a month in party dues and taxes. The average farm laborer makes \$4 a week, the average industrial worker about \$5.50. During August and September prices rose between 10 per cent and 50 per cent for many of the necessities, and the general price level has risen from 272 to 308 in a year. All this means that the employed Italian can buy rather less than the unemployed Englishman living on the dole, and the best he can look forward to now is a wartime boom. Already the African expedition is costing close to a million dollars a day, while Italy's gold reserves amount to \$400,000,000 and her foreign credits to \$165,000,000. And the budget deficit for the past five years comes to \$1,350,000,000.

INDIAN AGRICULTURE, the backbone of an entire sub-continent's economic system, will receive more attention if Lord Linlithgow, the new British Viceroy, has anything to say about it. As head of a recent Royal Commission on Agriculture, he signed a report stating that Indian peasants could enjoy a new lease of life as soon as some viceroy took a personal interest in their welfare. In 1929 the Central Government of India set up an Imperial Council on Agricultural Research, and the next step will be the establishment of a Central Ministry of Agriculture. The Council began its activities by recommending new methods of cultivating wheat, sugar-cane, cotton, rice, and oilseeds. The sugar industry has progressed most rapidly, and in consequence India is likely to have an export surplus in the near future. Cotton-growers have also increased their sales abroad as a result of market legislation passed by the Indian Central Cotton Committee of Bombay. The use of electricity is spreading to more and more villages, where hundreds of electrically driven wells have been constructed, thus bringing cheap water to the fields. All these activities have gone forward under the eye of the British authorities, who can keep India loyal to the Empire only by introducing those technical devices that will some day make possible a strong independence movement.

WHEREAS THE JAPANESE national budget has risen 186 per cent in terms of the gold yen since 1914, revenues have increased only 80 per cent. Not even in the United States has government spending come to play so large a part in the national economy. This increase arises to a large extent from increased military expenditures, which now consume 47 per cent of the total budget, as compared with 33 per cent twenty years ago. The result is that to-day debt charges and defense expenditures alone exceed the total state revenue by 13 per cent. In spite of these discouraging figures, the British Department of Overseas Trade

recently declared that 'a country that is rapidly increasing production can more safely depart from financial orthodoxy than one where production is stationary.' And a nation in which electricity consumption has increased 2,000 per cent and the value of industrial production 600 per cent over a period of twenty years would appear to be in a strong position. The London *Economist*, however, draws attention to several flies in the ointment:—

The vast mass of small and medium concerns, which supply some 50 per cent of Japan's export goods, are eking out a precarious living in the face of terrific competition. All industries working for home consumption, as well as the whole of agriculture,—still by far the greatest industry in the country,—are in the grip of stern deflation, with falling wages and prices. The surest sign that prosperity is not general is the fact that since 1931–32, when revenue was at a low record, the proceeds of indirect taxes and monopolies have risen by less than 6 per cent, which in actual fact represents a decline, because the devaluation of the yen, which was accompanied by some depreciation in its internal commodity value, came between the two periods.

Finance Minister Takahashi is attempting to meet the situation by reforming an antiquated tax system, whereby only 133,000 of Tokyo's five and a half million inhabitants pay an income tax.

THE ARRIVAL in China of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, financial adviser to the British Government, who made preliminary good-will stop-overs in Washington and Tokyo, has aroused intense suspicion among the Japanese. Here is the way the *Mainichi*, a Shanghai Japanese daily, expresses itself concerning the Leith-Ross visit and the simultaneous resignation of Wang Ching-wei, the notoriously pro-American and pro-European secretary of the Kuomintang:—

This is a typical example of the crafty methods of the British. While, on the one hand, good-will gestures are being made toward Japan, a definite positive policy is being carried out in China, on the other. For instance, this has been sharply shown in the questions surrounding the resignation of Wang Ching-wei. According to reports reaching certain sources, British support is being given, both internally and through Chinese diplomatic circles abroad, to the persistent efforts of the so-called American-European group to secure political power following Mr. Wang's resignation. It is typical of Britain to cloak her policies in conciliatory words and to push her opponents slowly to the wall. What Japan needs to worry most about in the resignation of Mr. Wang is British action.

But the *Fiji* of Tokyo looks forward to better Anglo-Japanese relations. England's naval agreement with Germany postpones indefinitely agreements with other nations. Meanwhile, Japanese exports conquer the world markets, and England has no choice (short of gaining full American coöperation) but to recognize Japan as the chief force for stability in the Far East.

A German demands a sweeping reorganization of the world's colonial areas; an English statesman replies to the suggestion with a resounding negative.

PEOPLE *without* Room

THE COLONIAL QUESTION

I. A BRAVE NEW WORLD

By DR. ULRICH NOACK

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S Abyssinian expedition has again raised the colonial problem. Africa is divided—and badly divided—between five or six European States. This is the crucial point of the whole question, for, as the present crisis clearly shows, the future of the European nations in Africa depends on the unity of their colonial policies. Such unity is possible only on a basis of equal rights. Europe's position with regard to colonies is like that of a table whose fourth leg has been sawn off and whose third leg is too short. Small wonder that it wobbles. Its stability will be restored only when it stands on four equally strong legs. In other words, Germany and Italy must enter fully into the circle of colonial Powers.

The frightful gravity of the whole question lies not only in the problem of colonial expansion, upon which European peace depends, but even more in the racial problem, which is here truly vital for the future of the world. The fundamental principle underlying a solution of the colonial problem must be the rational fusion of the geographical idea with the race idea. In the first place, the territories must have natural boundaries, and no new sources of friction with the old, constructive colonial systems of the Western Powers must be created; indeed, existing sources of friction must be removed. Secondly, the black and the white races must be segregated as far as possible in different regions; and these white and black settlements

must be geographically and politically protected from Asiatic encroachment, the Asiatics' own sphere being likewise respected.

In such a policy of clearing the ground, exchanging and rounding-off colonial possessions, the key position is naturally held by the largest, wealthiest, and strongest colonial Power—Britain. And here there is some hope of a happy outcome because people in England to-day are showing that they have grasped the necessity for a large-scale solution in which Britain would be prepared to make her share of the sacrifices involved. But the following outline of a solution will show that Britain has as much to gain as to lose if she is not afraid of a few temporary inconveniences, which, in any case, would be as nothing compared with the losses and catastrophes of the approaching colonial and racial wars.

II

In order to satisfy Italy and to remove sources of friction between her and Abyssinia, whose existence is essential for Britain, it will be necessary to incorporate in Italian Somaliland the southern third of Abyssinia (which ethnographically and climatically does not belong to Abyssinia proper) and also British Somaliland. The area and resources of Italian Somaliland would thus be doubled. In return, Eritrea would be joined to Abyssinia, which would gain an outlet to the Red Sea and be freed from Italian encirclement. Djibuti would remain French, as a gateway to Indo-China. This would involve a certain renunciation on Italy's part, but one for which she would be amply recompensed. From

the French she would receive the hinterland of Tripolitania as far as Lake Tchad, thus doubling Libya's economic wealth. In addition the whole of Madagascar would be given to Italy. She would thus obtain a third colony, larger than the motherland itself, with unexhausted possibilities for cultivation. At the same time Italy and Britain would agree to remove sources of friction in the Eastern Mediterranean by ceding Cyprus, Rhodes, and the Dodecaneso to Greece and Zara to Yugoslavia. In return Britain would support Italy in Eastern Europe and assist economically the emigration policy in Latin America, which Italy will presently find necessary.

It is almost exclusively at the expense of France's colonial empire that Germany would have to be satisfied. Germany would receive the whole of the Cameroons, including the British portion, and the entire French Congo as far as Lake Tchad. From the Belgian Congo would be added all the territory north of the Congo River (including the Portuguese enclave) as far as the frontier of Uganda. Two-thirds of Angola would go to the Belgian Congo by way of compensation. Spanish Guinea, lying to the south of the Cameroons, would become German, and in return Tangier would be incorporated in Spanish Morocco. The Portuguese enclave in West Africa would go to France. In return for all this Germany would renounce her claims to all her other former colonies. The mandates would be canceled and the territories be incorporated in the British Colonial Empire or taken over by South Africa, Australia, France, or Japan; as the case may be.

France's compensation for the loss

of territories with some 10 million inhabitants would come from British West Africa—Nigeria, the Gold Coast, and Gambia. Sierra Leone would, however, remain British, as a key point on the route to South Africa. These territories, with their combined population of 20 millions, would round off France's African Empire to form a compact area of about 45 million inhabitants. In exchange, France would cede to Britain her West Indian and Pacific possessions as well as her Syrian Mandate. She would give part of Indo-China to Siam, and Siam would cede the Isthmus of Kra to Britain. The greater part of Indo-China, with 15 million inhabitants, would, however, remain under French protection.

The rounding-off of Britain's territories would be of decisive importance to her colonial policy. The addition of Portuguese East Africa would provide a natural outlet to the sea for the southern portion of Britain's East African possessions, extending from the Zambezi to the Middle Nile. Rhodesia—a dominion in the making, which has the brightest future of all Britain's territories—would also gain a coastline. The Union of South Africa would be given Delagoa Bay and the southern third of Angola, whose watercourses are indispensable for the irrigation of Southwest Africa. The Union, in return, would undertake to absorb gradually half a million emigrants from Britain.

To this is related the problem of the emigration of the black population of South Africa and Rhodesia—whither the settlers of Kenya would have to be transferred in exchange for black inhabitants. This problem would be tackled according to a definite and

farsighted plan by the creation of a great Negro territory embracing the whole of New Guinea, which would pass in its entirety under British rule. Australia would be compensated with the adjacent South Sea Islands at present belonging to Britain, France, and New Zealand, while New Zealand would be given in exchange the outlying French islands. In return for her western half of New Guinea Holland would receive the much more valuable British North Borneo and the Portuguese part of Timor. On the other hand, Holland would cede to Britain Dutch Guiana and her neighboring small islands. By means of this black colonization, New Guinea would become a kind of buffer-state between the yellow and the white races. By removing her colony at Hong-Kong to Kra (which in the future will become incomparably the more important point) Britain would strengthen her defensive position *vis-à-vis* the eastern bloc of China and Japan. A canal at Kra would increase the effectiveness of the British fleet, and its commercial importance would compensate for the abandonment of Hong-Kong.

In the Eastern Mediterranean Britain's position would be rounded off with Syria. Syria would become, like Iraq, a confederated kingdom under the king of Trans-Jordan. Meanwhile, Trans-Jordan would be joined to Palestine, Kuwait to Iraq, and Yemen to Arabia. In return the three Arabian states would pledge themselves gradually to absorb the Arab population from Palestine and Trans-Jordan, thus clearing the way for Jewish immigration into a Palestine doubled in area. Southern Arabia, from Aden to the Persian Gulf, would become part of the Indian Empire, as would the

Malay Peninsula with Singapore. Nepal would also be embraced in the Indian Federation of Princes.

In the West Indies Britain's possessions would be rounded off by the addition of Dutch and French Guiana. This would form a territory as large as the British Isles, to be opened up for black colonization. The Negroes would be emigrated partly from Liberia (which would go to French West Africa) but chiefly from the United States, which, in return, would give her sanction to the union of the West Indian Colonies under Britain. The Little Antilles (British as well as French) would, however, become a Federated State of Canada, whose

constitution is already based on the existence of a French minority. Canada would also get Bermuda. British Honduras would go to Mexico, which, in exchange, would cede Lower California to the United States, thus strengthening the latter's defensive position in the Pacific.

Financial compensation to Portugal would be provided in equal shares by the four great European Powers.

By such a redistribution as is here suggested the six colonial Powers of Europe would ensure their future through the creation of a frictionless solidarity, and at the same time they would ensure the world preëminence of the European-American race.

II. AFRICA AND THE POWERS

By LORD LUGARD

From the *Times*, London Conservative Daily

ENGLAND and France have declared to the world that the League of Nations and the collective security that is based upon it form the keystone of their world policy, and the voice of their peoples appears to be practically unanimous that this is the only policy by which peace and security can be assured.

It is, however, widely asserted both by critics and friends of the League that it cannot survive if it assumes only the negative rôle of endeavoring to prevent war when crises arise. It must, they say, cease to be static and deal with the *causa causans*. It must recognize and provide for the insistent demands of the nations that need room to expand and their due share of the raw materials for their industries and the foodstuffs that the tropical

and subtropical colonies can supply. It is very natural, say the critics, for England to desire peace and the maintenance of the *status quo* since she has all, and more than all, she wants, with vast half-empty dominions in the temperate zones and colonies in every part of the tropics, while Japan, Germany, and Italy, whose populations are increasing more rapidly, have inadequate oversea 'possessions.'

It is essential to a proper appreciation of this problem to recall briefly the course of events that have led to Great Britain's being in control of large territories in Africa and in a fiduciary relation with their inhabitants. I will confine myself to Africa, which is the present bone of contention, and only remind any foreign

reader that the belief that Great Britain has vast empty and colonizable lands at her disposal in the Dominions is entirely fallacious, since the British Parliament has no voice whatever in the immigration policy of the Dominions (including South Africa and Southern Rhodesia) and the external territories and mandates that they control.

It is a matter of history that at the time of the partition of Africa during the last quarter of the nineteenth century the British Government was most reluctant to acquire new territory. To this reluctance the eminent French colonial historian, M. Emile Baillaud, bears witness.

Opportunities—even requests—that England should assume control over various regions were set aside both in East and West Africa. Where she already had colonies of long standing, as on the coast of West Africa, she was bound to endeavor to secure for them a minimum of their hinterland markets. In East Africa the Cabinet had decided to abandon Uganda (and with it probably a part of what is now Kenya), and its decision was only reversed under compulsion of a popular protest against the abandonment of long-established missionary activities and of our obligations to Egypt in regard to the Nile reservoirs in the Great Lakes. The outcry in Scotland against the desertion in Nyasaland of a similar long-established mission in the land associated with the name of Livingstone caused Lord Salisbury to declare a protectorate over a minimum of territory in which at the time there were no other Europeans.

The obligations incurred by the two Chartered Companies—the Royal Niger Company and the British South

African Company—left the Government no option but to implement their pledges. In Nigeria the frontiers except in the northwest were already agreed. The Chartered Company in the south was dominated by the personality of its founder, Cecil Rhodes, Premier of the self-governing Cape Colony, whose policy was frankly the acquisition of the hinterland of the colony and the regions that bear his name.

Having become responsible for these territories British policy aimed at 'peaceful penetration.' With this object 'spheres of influence' that would safeguard the territories from foreign encroachment with a minimum of interference with native institutions were declared in preference to protectorates. The device served its purpose for a time, but where it came in conflict with the traditional anti-slavery policy of England it could not last, and organized slave-raiding in Nigeria and Nyasaland compelled compliance with the principle of 'effective occupation'—upon which, moreover, other Powers insisted in accordance with the Berlin and Brussels Acts. It was followed by a policy of so-called 'indirect rule,' which aimed at preserving native institutions so far as possible—in some cases by treaties that accorded a large measure of autonomy, *e.g.*, Uganda; in others, by a system with the same objective according to the degree of advancement each community had attained.

All the mandates that the British Parliament controls—whether in Asia or tropical Africa—enforce equal commercial opportunity for all races. There are no restrictions of any kind in the colonies, protectorates, or mandated territories in favor of the

home markets on the export or the shipping of commodities. If Great Britain is willing to reduce her own customs duties to encourage production in the colonies, Italy or Germany is welcome to do the same. It is true that by the imposition of quotas and special duties against the invasion of cheap Japanese goods in West Africa England can no longer claim that she maintains to imports the completely 'open door' to which Zimmermann admits that Germany owed her commercial rise in Africa. But these quotas cannot be imposed in East Africa under the Convention of St. Germain, 1919, and the mandate, and they in no way operate against either Germany or Italy. Their nationals are free to trade on precisely equal terms with ourselves in every British colony.

Nevertheless, Germany and Italy complain that they are deprived of (a) lands for their surplus population (which incidentally they are taking unusual methods to increase); (b) adequate supplies of raw materials and foodstuffs; and (c) access to new markets.

First, as regards lands for surplus population—the foremost demand: tropical Africa offers no regions colonizable by the white races except perhaps on a few elevated plateaux in East Africa. The numbers these could accommodate would be negligible, for they are very limited in area and already contain a native population in some districts very dense. When Tanganyika was German, it did not attract any large number of colonists. The tropics at lower altitudes (if they are accounted colonizable) are already peopled by Africans who are rapidly increasing with the cessation of tribal wars, slave-raiding, and epidemics.

Europeans, moreover, are liable to malaria, sleeping-sickness, and similar diseases and have found it extremely difficult to make a living. So far as British Africa is concerned, there is no bar to European immigration. True, the colonists would be under the British flag, but with no differential treatment whatever.

Turning to the question of raw materials, foodstuffs, and markets, it is pertinent to note that the supply is so greatly in excess of the world's demand that prices have fallen to a third or a half of the normal value. Africa is crying out for purchasers for her exportable commodities, which now can barely recoup the cost even of native production. She can offer no 'unsaturated markets,' for her producers in consequence have but little purchasing power. They compete with surplus supplies from every part of the world.

II

Is there, then, no substance at all in the complaints? Undoubtedly the suzerain Power enjoys a position of special advantage. Even in the mandated territories it appoints the entire administrative and technical staff, who may be expected to favor the trade of their own country. With the exception of material for large public works (railways and so forth), which in a mandated territory (but not, of course, in a colony) must be submitted for international tender, the local Government obtains all its supplies from the homeland. The official language is English and so is the currency. When the suzerain has special claims, such as the expenditure of large sums without any direct return, —*e.g.*, the Uganda railway and liberal

financial assistance,—there is some justification for considering that these special advantages are a fair *quid pro quo*.

On the other hand, the foreign trader complains of the practical difficulty of obtaining the requisite currency wherewith to pay the native for the produce he desires to purchase. The African supported by the Government demands cash, in part to pay his tax, in part to spend as he likes. This difficulty arises from the embargo on the export of currency from Germany and Italy without special permit. In the absence of the embargo the purchase of the requisite sterling (or other currency) would present no difficulty. The proposal of his Majesty's Government that the problem of the free distribution of raw materials, with the willing coöperation of consuming interests in importing countries, should be investigated by an international committee is one to be heartily welcomed.

Let us now examine the proposals that in one form or another have been advocated in the press by writers whose opinions carry weight, with the primary object not of ensuring better government for subject races but of effecting a more equal distribution of economic opportunity to the nations of Europe.

The first proposal of those who wish to 'share and share alike' is that the 'surfeited' nations should transfer some of their colonial 'possessions' (and—or—the mandates held by them) to the 'starving' nations. This means that the repeated assurances that there would be no change—assurances upon which those who invested capital in the country relied—would be set aside and that the native in-

habitants would be treated as negotiable chattels transferable at will without their consent to German or Italian control, in violation of pledges repeated by successive Ministers and no less morally binding than pledges recorded in European treaties.

Those who chance to live in 'colonies' have the full status of British subjects equally with ourselves—and 'British subjects,' said the Prince of Wales, 'are not for sale.' But all believe themselves to be British subjects, and in point of fact little or no distinction has been made in practice between the inhabitants of a colony or of a protectorate. The transfer of Jubaland to Italy may perhaps find some extenuation as being in redemption of a wartime pledge given when England was engaged in a life and death struggle. The transaction was not very generally known to the British public. How strong the opposition can be to such a transfer was exemplified lately by the outcry over the proposed transfer to Ethiopia of a strip of uninhabited and waterless desert as a corridor for access to the sea, of which she had been deprived. Or, again, by the strong opposition to the transfer of the South African protectorates even to a dominion flag against their will. A distinguished French journalist recently told me that he was sure there was no living man in France who would dare to make such a proposal—he added (ignoring constitutional limitations) that he thought there was only one in England who could do it with success: the King! Belgium and Portugal would beyond doubt reject such a proposal.

Others have suggested that instead of handing over the colonies to a foreign flag the colonial Powers should

agree to place some of them under the mandate system. We have seen that so far as Great Britain is concerned the principles of that system are already applicable to British colonies. Such a gesture would not be acceptable to other colonial Powers and would not be held by Germany or Italy to be of any particular value to them unless they held the mandate. This would differ little from the proposal already discussed.

A third and more plausible proposal is that some or all of the territories under European control in Africa should be placed under a 'collective mandate' administered by the League. It can hardly be meant by this rather vague term that a condominium of Powers should jointly control a particular colony, for the 'native policies' of the different colonial Powers vary greatly, and no device could be more sure of generating friction.

III

It may be assumed, therefore, that the suggestion is that the League itself should take the place of a national mandatory and assume 'the direct government,' primarily with the object of ensuring 'economic opportunities to the whole world.' Assuming for the moment that such a scheme were practicable so far as the League is concerned,—and I hold it to be impracticable,—its advocates could only hope that the dissatisfied nations would be appeased if they had a dominant voice in the collective control. In point of fact, the officer appointed as governor would dictate the policy, and his nation, presumably Germany or Italy, would become *de facto* mandatory. From the point of view of the

African inhabitants, the 'collective' would differ little from the individual mandate.

But consider the position as it would affect the League. Each of the colonial Powers has a Colonial Office of trained and experienced officials dealing from day to day with the many problems of administration. The final decisions rest with a Minister for the Colonies on behalf of the metropolitan Government. The League has no such machinery, and, putting aside any question of cost, there would be difficulty in creating a board of qualified men of different nationalities who could work together and reside permanently or meet constantly at Geneva or elsewhere. In whom would the final authority be vested to decide in questions on which opinion was divided; and to control the autocratic powers of the governor?

The nearest approach that the League has made is the Permanent Mandates Commission. But the function of that body is confined to seeing that the terms of the mandate are being carried out. It is purely advisory to the Council and exercises no direct control. It disclaims any authority to advise regarding administration for which the mandatory alone is responsible. It has gained experience in the past thirteen years, but, having myself been a member ever since the mandates were issued, I consider that it would be most unsuited to exercise administrative functions. Incidentally, the present Commission is quite fully occupied with the supervision of twelve separate mandates.

Clearly, in these circumstances, the governor on the spot would have to be entrusted with very wide powers. *Ex hypothesi* he would not be selected

from the 'surfeited' Powers, and, since the object is to propitiate the 'have-nots,' preference would probably be given to a German or an Italian. Mr. J. L. Hammond, who suggests this course in the *Spectator* and is supported by Mr. Arnold Toynbee, rightly insists that the government of native races 'is the task and responsibility of peoples with training, education, and experience.' He assumes that British civil servants with experience of African administration would offer their services. It is a doubtful assumption, and they would in the circumstances probably meet with a doubtful welcome either as members of the Central League body or on the local staff. He adds that the success of the League in the Saar proves her capacity for the task. But the task of Sir Geoffrey Knox of keeping order between hostile factions in a civilized country, difficult as it was, is as different as it is possible to imagine from that of administering some millions of natives. The task would be complicated perhaps by the insistent claims of European immigrants and concessionnaires and the injunction to afford equal commercial opportunity to all the world—and this with a cosmopolitan staff each with his own views as to how it should be done and possibly with a bias toward his national policy. The ultimate result of the 'collective mandate' would probably be to create several Nazi and Fascist autocracies in Central Africa.

I have passed over the question of finance. The cost of these proposals would be very heavy, not only for the creation of the central machinery but also in case of need to supplement the local revenues. England has given about £500,000 to Tanganyika and

made loans of over £3,000,000 (part of it free of interest for some years) from the Imperial Treasury. The local Government, with the aid of a British guarantee, has been able to raise nearly £6,000,000 more on favorable terms.

Further sums have been given or lent by the Colonial Development Fund and the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation. The single Province of the Cameroons has, I believe, cost the Nigerian Government some £16,000 per annum. If the League undertakes liabilities such as these, the British taxpayer, who already pays the heaviest contribution to its maintenance, will not welcome an extra burden to enable it to undertake a collective mandate.

Is there nothing constructive to suggest? I fear little so far as Africa is concerned, beyond what Sir Samuel Hoare has proposed, together with the possibility of including in the civil service, at least in mandated territories, qualified officials from foreign nations. The employment of German and Italian doctors has already been suggested by the Mandates Commission. If any policy should be adopted which would do less than justice to the native population in order to benefit European nations, the result, though deferred, will infallibly lead to an even more critical dilemma.

The question whether it would be possible for Italy and Germany to acquire a footing elsewhere sufficient to found a colony under their own flags may perhaps be a problem for investigation by those who consider that such a task is essential to the survival of the League. It is outside the scope of this article.

A Hungarian authority writes about the movement to make Africa safe for the Africans; an English pacifist reminds us that Britain can bomb defenseless natives, too; and a French journalist tells about the 'peddlers of death.'

IN Time of WAR

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TRI-CONTINENTAL
TRILOGY

I. AFRICA FOR THE AFRICANS

By ADOLF GRABOWSKI

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-language Daily

EVERYONE has heard of Pan-Europe and even of Pan-America. The idea of Pan-Asia has become familiar, too—at least since the Nagasaki Pan-Asiatic Congress of 1926. But the term Pan-Africa is only now entering our vocabulary—as a result of the Abyssinian conflict and its effects upon the Negro world.

But is Africa a unity at all, and is it really the 'Black Continent'? Present-day geography, for the most part, takes an opposite view. According to its teachings, Negro Africa, or 'Negritia,' begins south of the great barrier of the Sahara. There is no doubt about

this, for the Hamites and Semites occupy the territory to the north of the Sahara, and Negro Africa is discernible there only in a slight admixture of Negro blood, coming, for the most part, from the slave traffic.

For these reasons North Africa has been reckoned a part of the Orient, to which, because of its Islamic culture, it belongs. But Frobenius has proved that the Sahara really never was a complete barrier and that North African influences have reached Negro Africa for hundreds of years along certain highways of traffic. These contacts have been extraordinarily in-

creased in recent times. Islam has started out on a path of conquest in the Negro world, and its successes have been far greater than those of Christianity. This is frequently explained by pointing out that Mohammedanism, with its appeal to the senses and its negation of racial differences, is better adapted to the Negro mentality than is the Christian religion. Doubtless this circumstance has entered into the picture; but the conviction that a religion prevailing north of the Sahara could not possibly be bad for the Sudan countries has contributed generously to the success of Islam. Not that Equatorial Africa has derived all its culture from the Arabs—Frobenius rightly protested against this conception. There was, however, a to-and-fro movement between north and south, the significance of which is only now dawning upon us.

Behind all this stands an elementary faith in Africa's unity—not as a fixed geographic idea (that would be foreign to the black man) but as an immediate experience of the all-embracing character of the Sahara. Ample proof of the Sahara's function as a bridge is furnished by the many automobiles crossing the desert in all directions, the French Trans-Saharan Railway, now merely a question of time, and the projected so-called Mauretanian Railway, which is to provide a parallel track to the west.

Once again white men have laid the groundwork for the colored people. It is the tragic fate of the white man that the colored peoples use his own means to rise against him. There comes to my mind the performance of the Citroën film in connection with the first crossing of the Sahara in caterpillar cars. It was the spring of 1925, and nearly all

Paris moving-picture houses were showing the film, which was dedicated to French youth. As a matter of fact, there is to-day a young French generation that is very open-minded in all things colonial. The film earned tremendous applause, but no one seemed to feel that the accomplishments of the whites would, in the last resort, benefit the colored peoples. A point in question is the effect of the greatest African railway enterprise, the Cape-to-Cairo line—which still lacks certain central portions. The father of this undertaking, Cecil Rhodes, wanted it to serve British imperialism. Yet what can the Cape-to-Cairo line ultimately mean except the final consolidation of the continent, the creation of a Pan-Africa?

One circumstance back of Pan-Africa gives it special support and lends it a character of its own among the 'Pan' movements. The Negro world outside Africa—the American Negroes—support the idea and give themselves up to it. Here, too, there is a strange reversal of things: to banish the 'black peril' to Africa, the United States, in the twenties of the last century, founded the Negro Republic of Liberia. Unneeded blacks were to be transported to harmless Africa. Africa, however, has begun to move and reaches over enticingly to America. The American Negroes, aroused by Pan-African perspectives, furnished the home continent with their strength, their spirit, their money.

In America the Pan-African movement took the form of so-called 'Garveyism.' At the Negro World Congress of 1920 in New York, Marcus Garvey had himself appointed president of Africa, and the Liberian Johnson

'most high potentate.' He formed a steamship company, the 'Black Star Line,' solely with black capital. He created newspapers, corporations, and associations. To-day Garvey is almost forgotten, but Garveyism lives on as a form of political action, and the more thoughtful American, Du Bois, Garvey's foil, serves the same Pan-African idea. In 1921 Du Bois founded the Pan-African Congress. His work, to be sure, is more indirect: the liberation of Negro America is to bring in its wake the liberation of Negro Africa.

II

The Pan-African movement is supported not only by the American Negroes, who represent a not inconsiderable part of the population of the United States and whose purchasing power is a force more and more to be reckoned with, but also by Japan. The only difference is that, while the help of the Negroes is open, that of Japan is secret.

One should really expect Japan to favor a Europe-controlled Africa since this would divert European energy from Asia. Nor does Japan have any relations to Negrodome. But, by way of her Pan-Asiatic aspirations, Japan has come into an ever closer relationship with Islam. In Chinese Turkestan Japan is contesting with England and the Soviet Union for predominance, and for this purpose is pursuing an Islamic policy calculated to go beyond that of the English and the Russians. With the Islamic Powers of the Near East—Turkey, Iran, and Afghanistan—Japan maintains excellent relations. About a year ago she concluded a commercial treaty with Turkey, according to which Turkish cotton and

Turkish tobacco will be exchanged for Japanese cotton yarn and Japanese finished goods. What is even more significant is this: in Kobe the cornerstone for Japan's first mosque was laid on November 20, 1934. It was an event that public opinion in Japan regarded as a symbol.

Japan's policy to-day apparently implies a penetration of Africa by means of Islam. Her chief aim will be to 'force' her exports, and she will take advantage of the tightening bonds between Islamic and Negro Africa to influence the entire continent. Just as, during the last century, Africa was, so to speak, Europe's storehouse, so in the future it is to become a storehouse for Asia.

There is little doubt that most of the details about Ethiopian-Japanese collusion which have recently passed through the press have been sheer invention. Yet the fact remains that Japan has a special and extraordinary interest in Ethiopia, as she has in all of Africa. The essential aim is an anti-European front, using European means. If Japan should succeed in creating such a front in Africa, the white world would be encircled still further.

Africa's industrialization, with its incipient industrial revolution, furnishes the basis for an anti-European front employing European methods. The mining industry of the Union of South Africa, which has already expanded into Southern Rhodesia, employs hundreds of thousands of black workers. From the Katanga region of the Congo, with its enormous copper mines, other industries are beginning to radiate, encouraged by the enormous sources of waterpower and by newly discovered coal deposits.

In 1910 the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union (I. C. U.) was founded as a Negro union in South Africa. Its leader was Kadalie, who was educated in the United States. This union was responsible for the unpleasant miners' strike of 1920.

The Negroes, who form four-fifths of Africa's population, are increasing at a far greater rate than the whites—a danger unknown in the United States, where the Negro percentage has materially decreased. At the present rate of increase, the black population in Natal will double in thirty-five years, that of Cape Colony in as little as twenty-six years. Negro emancipation has gone even further in the coastal regions of tropical West Africa, especially in Nigeria and the Gold Coast. The chief difference is that capitalist elements are involved, rather than revolutionary proletarian ones as in South Africa. The Negroes of the Gold Coast and Nigeria, grown rich from cocoa and oil-palm plantations, are a good match for the capitalistic Negro element of the United States.

Europe, however, cannot count on the struggle between capitalist and proletarian elements among the Negroes. As nearly always in the case of struggle for liberty, there will be at the beginning united opposition against the rule of the white man. The inner conflicts will be postponed until after the emancipation.

III

Under the influence of the Boers, South Africa is pursuing a ruthless policy of white predominance. The Boer is as a rule a farmer pursuing a family economy, and he has little interest in the Negro as a worker. The

important thing for him is the maintenance of white predominance, which would be dangerously threatened by Negro emancipation. Basing himself on the Bible, the Boer cites the words of Genesis: 'Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.'

The English in South Africa are far more conciliatory. Their interests as enterprisers demand that they should keep the black workers from becoming restive. They are to be kept in a position inferior to that of white workers, but they are not to feel completely disfranchised. This 'black policy' is pursued far more outspokenly in certain African Crown Colonies, especially in Tanganyika, the former German East Africa, Uganda, and Nigeria. In Tanganyika an additional reason for this program is to gain support with the blacks against possible future German claims of restitution. The black policy, however, proceeds slowly. And in East Africa, for example, the privileged Indian is interposed as a buffer between whites and blacks.

In the British colonies the color bar is invariably maintained, in contrast to the French system, which fundamentally refuses to recognize this bar. The Negro Diagne, elected to the French Parliament from Senegal, has often testified to the fact that France is the only great colonial Power that treats its colored citizens legally and socially exactly as it does its white ones. This system, however, has not been able to protect France against severe criticism, from white as well as from Negro sources, and against recent serious disorders in Algeria.

It is a special characteristic of the Pan-African movement that, unlike Pan-America and Pan-Asia, it is not

based on any marked hegemony. This is a lucky thing for Europe. On the other hand it is very difficult to lay hands on Pan-Africa and to vanquish the idea, for it progresses everywhere in the great continent, in Hamitic-Semitic North Africa as well as in Negro Africa; in the regions that merely furnish raw material as well as in those where industrialization has already set in; in the Islamic world as well as in that of the primitive religions . . . Time and again Pan-Africa slips through the hands that seek to hold it, yet its existence is an undeniable fact.

The Union of South Africa, fearful lest any change on African soil bring about grave consequences, has grotesquely made itself the champion of Pan-Africa. In proclamation after proclamation it has maintained that it is unimportant whether the Arabs, the Negroes, or the African whites exercise a hegemony in Africa. The main thing is to keep everything unchanged lest the whole continent break into

movement. In other words, Africa is to be a unity entirely on the present basis.

Perhaps a new Jack London will soon rise to tell us about the activities of African secret societies. They undoubtedly exist, and it is quite possible that their underground activities are to-day in the service of the Pan-African idea, from Cairo to the Cape. It is as difficult to learn details as it is in the case of the mysterious Voodoo cult of Haitian Negroes. Nor must we overlook the Senussi, that anti-European Mohammedan order, with which the Italians struggle so hard in Cyrenaica. A part of these Senussi have meanwhile settled in Egyptian territory and are supposed to have gained strong influence in Egypt.

A fat, unorganized continent this Africa, as a glance at the map shows. Even in actuality it can hardly be reached. Only one thing is sure: Africa is about to rise from the position of an easy object of European expansion to that of a subject of world importance.

II. BRITAIN'S 'ABYSSINIA'

By FENNER BROCKWAY

From the *New Leader*, London Independent Labor Weekly

BETWEEN the northwestern frontier of India and Afghanistan lies an independent territory occupied by hill tribes. Periodically their country has been invaded by British military forces on so-called punitive expeditions, and they have seen British rule steadily extending up their valleys. It is no wonder that they are fiercely anti-British.

Their leader is the Haji of Turangzai. He is the chief of the Mohmands

and has an authority over them very similar to the power of the Emperor of Abyssinia over the tribes in East Africa. No one would wish to idealize him any more than the Abyssinian Emperor. Both are tribal dictators, living in comparative luxury while their people live in primitive poverty. Both attach religious authority to their temporal power, adding superstitious reverence to their political domination. But both fiercely and

naturally resent subjugation to the imperial races. The Haji resists British aggression with the same intensity as Haile Selassie resists Italian aggression.

The Haji has been described by the *London Times* as 'a thoroughly bad lot,' just as the Italian press describes Haile Selassie as a 'thoroughly bad lot.' As long ago as 1908 the Haji was imprisoned for anti-British activities, and during the third Afghan war he is stated to have worked assiduously to undermine British rule. He has committed the further crime of allowing his sister to marry Abdul Ghaffar Khan, the leader of the Red Shirts in the northwestern province of India.

The Red Shirts are not as red as they sound. The movement is semi-religious, its members swear on the Koran that they will lead a pure and righteous life, and they are required, if persecuted, to refrain from violent resistance. Their Youth League, however, has come under the influence of socialism, and their badge is a hammer and sickle on a red background. They march through the country headed by a drum-and-fife band, wearing shirts and typical Pathan baggy trousers, all dyed a vivid red. As they enter each village they shout in unison, 'Long live the Revolution!' and, when the whole population has gathered around, deliver speeches and establish branches.

It is not surprising that the British imperialists in India are alarmed both by the Red Shirts in the northwestern province and by the sturdily self-reliant tribes across the frontier. An attempt has been made to crush the Red Shirt movement by imprisoning the leader, Abdul Ghaffar Khan, and, literally, thousands of the members.

For a fortnight in 1930 the Red Shirts took possession of the important frontier city of Peshawar, and the British forces had to retire, although not a shot was fired. The British forces returned with armored cars, which led to the 'Massacre of Peshawar.' The British forces restored order among the tribes across the frontier by dropping 6,000 bombs on them in one day (this was according to the British press reports) and driving artillery into the mouths of the caves, where the tribesmen were hiding, and opening fire, with results that have never been recorded.

By such methods 'tranquillity' was brought once more to this area, and during the last five years it has apparently not been disturbed. But whilst the mind of the British public has been turned in indignant contemplation of the wickedness of Italian aggression in Abyssinia, the British authorities have again been on the aggressive in the independent territory of the Mohmands. Fifteen thousand British and Indian troops have been invading their territory to show (to quote the *Observer*) 'something of India's strength,' that is, *Britain's* strength, 'for the general education of those who know nothing about it'!

II

The reasons for the British invasion of the Mohmand territory are very similar to those given by Mussolini for deciding to subjugate Abyssinia. The Haji of Turangzai has harbored political refugees from British India and, as an independent ruler, has refused to give them up. The British authorities have described these refugees as 'terrorists,' but this term is always applied

to rebels engaged in a struggle against alien rule, and one does not know what it covers. There have been 'frontier incidents,' as there have been in Abyssinia, and a particular complaint is made that the British construction of a military road in the territory has been held up by raids led by the eldest son of the Haji.

This little war, which Britain has been conducting on the other side of the northwestern frontier in India, has gone almost unnoticed in the British press, but Mr. F. H. Brown, writing in the *Observer*, states that the campaign required 'a larger concentration of troops on field service than any undertaken for some years past.' He describes the operations as 'among the most notable that have been undertaken by the Indian army in modern times' and remarks that the immediate objective was obtained without battle because the hostile tribes 'melted away at this demonstration of strength.'

Probably the tribes have retired into their mountainous retreats, where, like the Abyssinians, they are skilled at guerilla warfare. There is a lull in the military activity, and it is presumed that the Haji 'is waiting to see

whether the punitive force intends to make a further drive to establish contacts with the hostile tribesmen before he approaches the British with promises of better behavior in the future.' 'Better behavior.' That means slavish acceptance of the domination of British power.

The Italian press has been drawing attention to this war on the northwestern frontier. It does not justify Italian imperialism in Abyssinia, but it *does* expose the hypocrisy of the British National Government in claiming to defend the independent tribes of East Africa whilst it is subjugating the independent tribes of Asia.

The first duty of British workers is to turn their attention and activities against British imperialism. Blind will be the British worker who is misled into thinking that the British National Government, which is conducting this 'little war' in independent territory across the northwestern frontier, is sincere in defending the independence of territory in East Africa.

It is a pity the Mohmands are not members of the League of Nations. Then Italy might come to their assistance.

III. PEDDLERS OF DEATH

By PIERRE LAPOUSSÉE

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

THE Rue Cortambert, in the sixteenth arrondissement, is one of the most peaceful and respectable streets in the aristocratic section of the Muette. No. 50 is a new house that seems in no way designed for an embassy, and yet it is here, in a luxurious apartment,

that the new Ethiopian Embassy in Paris is temporarily installed. Two or three policemen are on guard day and night, and two tireless walkers march up and down the street, peering into the faces of the passers-by.

A bell rings. The concierge says

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wearily, 'It is the door on the left, ground floor, at the end of the hall.'

Another bell at the aforementioned door. The most beautiful black usher, who has capitalized on his long kinky hair so that he looks slightly like a Medusa, carefully opens the door.

'I represent the Rigollot Company, arms manufacturers at Deuil. I should like to see one of your executives to offer my services.'

Without showing the slightest surprise, the black usher asks me to fill out a blank, which I do unhesitatingly and in the most serious manner. Then he leads me into a large, rather luxuriously appointed waiting room, the rear windows of which open onto a winter garden. I almost fall over backward: both the waiting room and the winter garden are crowded with visitors.

Gradually my eyes grow accustomed to the semi-darkness of the place, and I distinguish our photographer, with his invisible camera, huddled in an obscure corner. These are, alas, the same hideous scenes, exactly reconstructed—with the same odious merchants of death as actors, the same merchants of suffering and bereavement who crowded the waiting rooms of our Ministries during the worst days of 1914. All these people, with a few possible exceptions, are obviously representatives who are trying to sell everything that a country can need in time of war. Everything, but particularly engines of death.

Are all these men professional commercial representatives? You have only to look at their clothes—their over-flashy kind of elegance or, again, their telltale shabbiness—to realize that side by side with the official rep-

resentatives of our large industries, the majority are simply occasional go-betweens, unscrupulous, shady intermediaries. Two of them have shamelessly spread out cartridges, repeating pistols, and obsolete revolvers. They are rivals, but friends, and they show each other their samples as they discuss quality and price. I come to understand their mutual confidence somewhat better by listening to their conversation.

'You see, if they throw me over because of the price, you can come back later with my stuff and make them a better offer.'

'O.K. But, as long as you've gotten in with the guys at the Rue de Varenne, you'll try to pass off some of my stuff to the Italians, and then we'll split that, too.'

I enter into conversation with a young man who has just finished manicuring his nails with a dagger that looks as though it belonged to a trench cleaner. 'You understand,' he says, 'that we have a great deal of old stock to get rid of, and I can assure you that this war came along in the nick of time. Everywhere people have gotten out their old junk, taken off the rust, renicked it, repolished it, greased it, and now we are going to get rid of it at last—for a good price, too.'

Another man says, 'A year ago my boss decided to turn a part of his old stock of bayonets into screw drivers. Is he sorry now!'

II

One of the merchants belonging to the weaker sex—for there are two women in this crowd—irresistibly attracts my attention. Is she perhaps a colleague of the press come to this

den of mercantile war with the same purpose as I, or does she belong perhaps to the enemy's secret police? Under some foolish pretext, I manage to break the ice. Since I confess that I represent a company dealing in noodles, macaroni, and such things, she decides to tell me that her game is chemical products. I try to get some more precise details, but I seem to be wasting my time. However, I feel that she is equally interested in me. She does not let the conversation drop entirely, and even goes so far as to ask me if I have any pull in the place. I assure her that I stand in well with the authorities, that several of these gentlemen in the Ethiopian Embassy are friends of mine, and that, furthermore, I have the backing of several French politicians, whose wishes they are hardly in a position to contradict. My bluff has borne fruit, for she finally decides to say, 'It is now too late for us to get an interview this morning. If you want to, we can go out together and talk business.'

I accept with enthusiasm, and we go to have a drink at the nearest café. We hardly sit down before she plunges into the subject and opens a business woman's mysterious portfolio, from which she removes all kinds of laboratory test tubes.

'Sir,' she says with a smile that bears the imprint of remorse, 'here is what it is about, and you will see that we can both do a good piece of business if you are willing to coöperate with me. These tubes that you see are filled with microbe cultures. This one contains the microbes of glanders. If an airplane drops a few on a cavalry encampment, all the horses will soon be sick and incapable of being ridden or of working. The others, well, they

contain other microbe cultures, like typhoid, grippe, and so forth. You see what it's about, don't you?'

I instinctively and irresistibly draw back in horror. Misunderstanding my reaction, she immediately reassures me, 'Don't worry. Look—under the cotton there is an hermetic seal, and the glass tubes are very thick, almost unbreakable.'

Then, in one short stinging sentence that completely disregarded the respect that a gentleman owes a lady, I tried to express my feelings toward her. Her reaction was one of weary surprise and great disillusionment. With the implacable logic that women alone so often possess, she tried to make me reconsider what she called a sentimental error and a prejudice.

'As long as war is allowed, as long as even the religions permit it, and as long as, in the last analysis, war consists in killing as many men as possible as rapidly as possible, what difference can the means make? In time of war have not men always poisoned the wells and the water supply of their enemy? You have the strange desire to be humanitarian in a matter that is the very negation of humanity. It is paradoxical and absurd!'

Then I tried to make her understand that the non-combatants, the women, children, and old people would also be the victims of the epidemic set loose by her microbe cultures. But here, too, I was stopped by the same horrible logic.

'How about aviation and heavy-artillery bombardments? Do you think the bombs choose their victims among those who wear a uniform; that the women, children, and old people are never killed? And how about poison gas and . . .'

III

What is it about the number 50? For it is at 50 Rue de Varenne that the Italian Embassy is housed in a luxurious private mansion surrounded by gardens. The surrounding territory is guarded by uniformed police and plainclothesmen, to say nothing of the numerous private detectives that the Embassy has recently acquired. People who are supposed to be in the know say that it also has an intelligence service which leaves nothing to be desired and that it is informed of everything that is being said and done in Parliament, on the political back-stage, and in the editorial rooms of the large Parisian dailies.

Here is a man coming out, looking absolutely furious. He is a red-headed fellow with a grand nincompoop face. I rush after him and accost him. We start talking, and, although he receives me somewhat coldly, we soon find ourselves in the Café des Ministères. He is a little inventor who has had an idea he thinks is a stroke of genius, an idea that should not only make his own fortune but also stop the slaughter that is going on in East Africa.

This idea is as simple as can be, but, as he points out, someone had to think of it. It is the old story of Christopher Columbus's egg, practically realized in a little object that he holds between his fingers. I look. I take the object in my hand, and it is nothing more or less than an especially sharp nail slightly over two centimetres long, the head of which is a lead hemisphere flattened out on top. I do not understand. Is my man completely insane?

But he looks at me jubilantly and

proclaims, 'Of course, you don't understand anything about it either. You're as stupid as those Italians; but, after all, sir, tell me this: do all the Ethiopian troops and even the civilians go barefoot the year round, or do they not? They do, don't they? You've read it in all the papers as well as I. Well, if they had understood me, the Italians would have been victorious almost without bloodshed, and they would have had the gay folk of the entire world on their side. All they had to do was to try my invention, to order millions of tons of nails identical with this one, which always falls point up. Their men could have scattered them in profusion as they went ahead into enemy territory, and their victory would be assured. The Ethiopians would have had to retreat since they alone go barefoot and cannot walk in shoes.'

And, as I burst into laughter, he says, 'Naturally, you too—you know only how to laugh, but, as for bringing up some technical objection . . . we mustn't even think of that, must we?'

And, overwhelmed by sudden sadness, he concludes, 'Humanity is really too stupid. It doesn't deserve that anyone should try to keep it from destroying itself. Would you believe that those Italian idiots had me taken to the door like a dangerous madman, in spite of the references that I have? Me, who received honorable mention twice at the Lépine competition—me, who invented the alarm-clock-breakfast-warmer—me, who discovered that flies cannot stand blue!'

And without waiting for my reply, completely broken-hearted, the little man went on his way.

A Frenchman finds a strong desire for Anschluss with Germany in Austrians of all classes, while an Englishman describes the one free country left in Central Europe—Czechoslovakia.

EUROPE *at Odds*

AUSTRIA AND
CZECHOSLOVAKIA

I. THE AUSTRO-GERMAN ANSCHLUSS

By ALDO DAMI

Translated from the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Foreign-Affairs Weekly

BECAUSE of the radicalism of her Socialists, Austria has never had a Communist Party (*sic*); nor, because of the important rôle played by the Catholic Church, has she had a liberal-democratic party in the western sense of the phrase. The former Pan-Germanists having made common cause with the Nazi Party, the membership of which has been further increased by numerous elements from the petty bourgeoisie, the workers, and the intellectuals, the Austrian people are divided into three groups of approximately equal strength. The same holds true for their geographic distribution. In spite of the repression, Vienna, as well as Linz and several northern cities, is largely Socialist. The countryside in these same northern provinces has a Christian-Socialist majority, whereas, strangely enough, the Nazis are most powerfully represented in the southern provinces, Styria and Carinthia, which are farthest away from Germany. Notably the city of Graz, which greeted German Ministers enthusiastically and gives a cold reception to the official Austrian leaders, has always been a centre of Nazi agitation. And it was not a mere accident that

the majority of the Austrian Nazi leaders sought refuge in Yugoslavia rather than in Germany after July 31, 1934.

Almost in secrecy I went to interview a young member of the Socialist Party, the last party candidate to the Landtag. He took me to the populous sixteenth district, in which, a little over a year ago, the Socialists numbered over 45,000 voters. There it was, in Kreitnergasse, that on the night of February 12-13, 1934, without any direct provocation (for the trouble had broken out in Linz), Major Fey had the Heimwehr place cannon at both ends of the street to bombard from a distance of only twenty metres a peaceful house about which nothing was known except that many officials of the Socialist municipalities lived there. Major Fey himself witnessed the affair. Caught between two fires, the inhabitants could not escape. A woman was cut in two, and her husband went insane.

'What is the position of the Socialists in Vienna to-day?' I asked. 'I assume that the Government's campaign against them has not dispersed them all?'

'On the contrary, we are as numerous as ever, if not more so. In its indignation a part of the population has come over to us, at least in its heart, so that, among those who were indifferent and even among certain Catholic groups, we have recruited active members to replace those who left us in favor of National Socialism. Of course, the Party has been dissolved, but our organizations can still carry on as long as they remain private. Thus we are able to continue our propaganda under cover. I shall even go so far as to say that, in spite of

the denials that you may hear elsewhere, I am in a position to assure you that in certain provinces we are working hand in hand with the Nazis.'

'You must have some difficulty,' I said, 'in finding a common basis of understanding.'

'The basis has been found already—a German, non-Marxist socialism, a Left-wing government directed toward social reform, not anti-Semitic, and opposed to the Anschluss, for the time being at least. We Socialists unanimously and passionately desired an Anschluss before Hitler's accession to power, and, if Europe had compensated Germany for her defeat in this way, she might have avoided the progress and triumph of Nazism. An Anschluss without Hitler would have been better for the entire world than a Hitler without Anschluss. And yet there is one thing we know—and the people of the Saar know it, too: Hitler will go, but Germany will remain. The régime is one thing, the State and especially the permanence of a principle are another. And, then, even if Hitler remains and the régime he has built up survives him, it will become more normal, just as Fascism became more normal. Germany herself has perhaps nothing to gain from an immediate Anschluss, for it would increase the number of her unemployed and, generally speaking, her problems. But the German form of Fascism is bound to triumph in a German country. Of the three, Mussolini, Hitler, and Schuschnigg (who has never enjoyed Dollfuss's popularity), the Austrians will inevitably choose Hitler. If we Socialists were faced with the necessity of making a decision, we should find more socialism in the Hitler régime than in a clerical

system that we hate because it represents the encroachment of the two Romes—Mussolini's and the Pope's.

'Our present Government,' my interlocuter added angrily, 'is supported by a small minority only. It was established by force and owes its power entirely to the aid it receives from abroad. It does not dare even to hold elections. The famous "Patriotic Front," which opposes the cross to the swastika, attracts primarily the cowards—to say nothing of the Jews, who in fear of Hitler have suddenly turned into Christians and patriots.

'Hitler has made terrible mistakes, but Dollfuss was guilty of an even greater one: without the slightest justification he massacred the Socialists, who, at that very moment, were ready to compromise with the Christian-Socialist Government in order to escape from Hitler. This is a blunder that the working masses will never forgive him.'

II

The second person with whom I spoke, a very well-known writer who is not a Nazi, expressed the opinion that Austria, a German country, can carry on an enduring policy only in close coöperation with Germany. That is why the paper he edited has been forbidden in Austria, while, for ideological reasons, it is under suspicion in Germany.

He believes that we shall witness the gradual conversion of a large number of Socialists to an Austrian brand of National Socialism rather than collusion between the Socialists and the Nazis and that the future will see a coalition between the two Right-wing parties against the remnants

of Marxism. But he maintains that normal relations between the two German states will have to be reestablished first, and his opinion becomes plausible if we consider the strength of German sentiment in Austria. In addition to this German sentiment, or rather this South German sentiment (for though there is an historical and ethnical frontier on the Main there has never been one on the Inn), the only national bond that could have existed in Austria is the dynastic feeling. But the dual monarchy is dead, and a Hapsburg ruling over six million inhabitants could not replace it.

'Austria, reduced to its German fragment, has declared itself an integral part of the Reich from the day of its foundation, and the forced independence in which it has been held for nearly seventeen years has not found an echo in the heart of the people. Though in 1919 the powers that be took it upon themselves to reconstruct all Europe from Finland to Greece and particularly to dismember Austria-Hungary on the basis of nationalities, or rather languages, they will not be able to prevent the German people, both in Austria and in Germany, from rallying around the same principle. After having made the Anschluss between the Slavs and the Rumanians by means of war, they will not be able to forbid the peaceful Anschluss of the Germans, which will take place gradually and in the distant future.

'Many other erroneous ideas about the Anschluss have spread abroad. People have made it out to be a German Pan-Germanic invention, whereas it is an Austrian desire, first and foremost, and whereas, on the other hand, the anti-Bismarck tradi-

tion of the Anschluss is a Left tendency, which dates back to the liberalism of 1848 and the Great Germany. (This, moreover, brings us to Hitler's mistake in substituting the colors of 1914, which are of Prussian origin, for the red, black, and yellow flag of the Great Germany.)

'German centralization, Prussianism, the fate of Bavaria or of Catholicism, generally speaking, have also been adduced. In so far as centralization is concerned, it must be attributed to the Weimar régime rather than to the old Empire. And yet it was precisely with this centralized Germany, in which Prussian influence—a Leftist influence, to be sure—was preponderant, thanks to democracy and proportional representation, that Austria demanded the Anschluss. German evolution toward centralization is continuous, each régime carrying on the work of its predecessor. Moreover, it is precisely by the process of even more extensive centralization that Hitler suppressed Prussia as well as Bavaria. Nazism had its starting point in Bavaria, and, in so far as Catholicism is concerned; an Austro-German Anschluss would displace German equilibrium southward—that is to say, in favor of the Catholics. There remain neo-Paganism, racial mysticism, and the cult of power, which are indeed repugnant to the milder Austrians.

'Of course, the Anschluss is impossible under present conditions and for a long time to come, unless an always imminent war breaks out. For the time being it is a question of what I shall call "Austria's inner destiny." In spite of the persecution, or rather because of it, the Nazi movement is so powerful here that the Government will

soon be unable to do anything without its approval. One cannot govern a whole people against its will. More than 80 per cent of the university students are pro-Nazi, and you have only to look at Czechoslovakia and Ireland to see that the founders of the State are the intellectuals and the young people. The sons of the former Pan-Germanists have become Nazis, and the same will hold true, believe me, among the sons of Dollfuss's and Schuschnigg's generation.

'The majority of the people, both on the Right and on the Left, oppose the Heimwehr. That is why we do not have the *Gleichschaltung* (coördination) that exists in Germany and why we shall never have a totalitarian state, either in the Nazi or in the Christian-Socialist sense of the term. No party will be strong enough to cover the entire country, to watch and penetrate every conscience. The Government met with the greatest difficulties in recruiting the Heimwehr, which lacks active elements and which is even less reliable than the German Storm Troops before the "June purge." God knows that the Heimwehr is divided among itself. Four members walk two by two. The two who are in front, speaking of the two in back, say: "Those two Reds don't know that we are Nazis!"

'What is this independence that people impose upon us from outside? The very discussion of this subject proves that the subject discussed does not exist. It is belied and destroyed by the perpetual foreign interference—French before 1933 and Italian since—though it is qualified all the while as non-interference. The first attribute of independence is the power to dispose of one's own fate and in par-

ticular to decide what treaties one desires. But on pain of starvation we had to suppress the first article of our Constitution, which read as follows: "The Republic of German Austria is an integral part of the German Reich." And we also had to give up the Customs Union even before The Hague verdict. Between 1928 and 1933 almost all Austria was in favor of the Anschluss, and even Mgr. Seipel, who opposed it, admitted that one could not stem the tide.'

'But to-day?'

'That is precisely the question. The Allies had the strength and the ability to hold out till power passed into the hands of Hitler, whom a large part of Austrian opinion rejects. How large a part? Only a plebiscite could answer this question. But Schuschnigg does not dare hold one. A plebiscite that one fears is equal to a plebiscite that has taken place.

'In conclusion, it is utterly false to imagine a struggle between the charming Austrian David and the nasty German Goliath. In the heart of the same German people there is a rivalry between two capitals, two dictatorships, and two different conceptions of Germanism and Germany. There is, moreover, in the heart of Austrian opinion itself, a conflict between those who wanted the Anschluss prior to Hitler and those who want it with him. Agreed as to the principle, the Austrians are divided only as to the opportune moment and the date.'

III

In so far as foreign policy and diplomatic affairs are concerned, the Austrian opposition, both Socialist and Nazi, is unanimous. Its thesis may be

summed up as follows: 'The projected Danubian Pact is useless, for Germany never thought of invading Austria, and, if she were ever to do this, all the members of the League of Nations would have to intervene. In so far as "internal" aggression is concerned, that is a pure euphemism to designate a coup d'état. But the will of the Austrian people, who are deprived of elections, can manifest itself in no other way, except by slowly drowning the corporative institutions in the rising tide of a new generation. Furthermore, if we look at the situation closely, all existing governments are illegal in origin—starting with the Italian, which came into existence as the result of a coup d'état. The League of Nations admitted the Soviet Union; the Great Powers did not intervene in the German, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, and South American revolutions. They would not intervene in the case of a Communist Putsch, even if it were notoriously backed by arms or money sent from Russia and took place in a border state that might in the future unite with the U. S. S. R. If a Fascist government should gain control of France, can you visualize an English or a German invasion on the pretext that this government was allied to Italy? The only exception in this matter is Austria, which has become the object rather than the subject of international politics.'

In reality, Austria is a triple bridge—a bridge between France and Czechoslovakia, and, generally speaking, the Little Entente, a bridge between Italy and Hungary, and a bridge between Germany and Yugoslavia. Thus, when one speaks of safeguarding Austria's independence, it is principally a question of safeguarding

it against its neighbors. These neighbors might mobilize against one another. Poland would stand to gain by sidetracking German ambitions southward. And it is probable that the German-Polish Pact contains some promises of neutrality.

As for the Yugoslavs, some of them think that their country would benefit by the Anschluss, which would separate Hungary from Italy and would extend the German menace as far as the Brenner Pass and even Trieste, where the Yugoslavs would prefer sausage to macaroni if they had to choose.

It is for opposite reasons that Italy, who favored the Anschluss at the time of the peace treaties in order to destroy the Hapsburg state completely and have a common frontier with Germany, has changed her mind since then. And yet no Great Power would allow another Great Power to act, and each would prefer collective abstention to individual initiative.

Like pre-war Turkey, Austria lives on the rivalry of her neighbors.

Germany knows this. She knows that in spite of her régime she can count on the sympathy of at least one-third of the Austrians. Before the Third Reich, that is to say during fifteen years at least, 80 per cent of the Austrians, with the Socialists at their head, favored the Anschluss. Finally, Germany knows—this I have heard confirmed in many different quarters—that at the time of the Putsch of July 31, 1934, the population along the frontiers, whether Nazi or not, faced by the menace of Italian military intervention, was on the point of revolting. Italian occupation of Austria would mean mass insurrection, both against the invaders and against the Government that had called upon a stranger for help—a stranger to whom the Austrian will always prefer his racial brother.

Such, at any rate, was the opinion of the men with whom I spoke.

II. CZECHOSLOVAKIA—OUTPOST OF FREEDOM

By HUGH DALTON

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

I HAVE recently spent three weeks in Czechoslovakia, to-day by far the freest and most civilized land in Central Europe. I wish that more of my fellow countrymen, venturing abroad, would take that road. Whether they seek the beauty of old buildings, or high mountains, or deep forests, or whether they seek 'spas' and 'cures,' or whether they find interest in peasant art and costumes, still unsophisticated, or in political and economic problems in great variety, or in the

spectacle of the healthy, all-round growth of a young and vigorous national life, and of the simple decencies of democracy maintained amid the surrounding decadence, they will be well rewarded.

For years it has been a commonplace that Czechoslovakia has been the outstanding success among the states born or reborn in the convulsions of the Great War and the Great 'Peace.' Here there has been a consolidation, a steady progress, and a

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liberation of powers long imprisoned that, if we take account of all the difficulties in the way, must command our respect.

And the difficulties of to-day are still very formidable: eight hundred thousand unemployed in a population of fifteen millions, relatively a worse situation than ours; prices of agricultural produce too low to give the peasant more than a spare and precarious standard of life; the price of wood so low that at the eastern end of the Republic, in Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia, where it is the principal means of livelihood, poverty is extreme; problems of regionalism, as in Slovakia, and of national minorities, German, Magyar, Ruthenian, and Jewish; the overshadowing fear of another war in Europe, which, for a small country, a historic cockpit, lying right in the track of bombing aircraft and invading armies and surrounded by neighbors not all reliably pacific, is more poignant and actual than we, with our sense of greater strength and our illusion of geographical detachment, can easily understand. 'Hitler's airplanes could be over Prague twelve minutes after crossing the frontier.' It was a Socialist and trade-union leader who said this to me.

Some of these problems can be solved only by international action, in which Czechoslovakia can play a prominent part—in the reduction, for instance, of the present fantastic barriers against international trade. Others she can solve by her own efforts. She laid some solid foundations of social equality in the early post-war years, by abolishing all titles—I met a gentleman in East Slovakia who had lost one but seemed none the worse—and by breaking up the large estates

among the peasants. In Bohemia before the War one-third of the land was owned by one hundred and fifty families. And it is claimed that, in contrast with some other countries, this sweeping agrarian reform has been followed by a steady increase in agricultural production. There has been a great drive in education, public health, housing, and road building.

II

National minorities in Czechoslovakia are better treated than most national minorities elsewhere, and much better than national majorities under dictatorships. Each national minority has its own schools, with the teaching and textbooks in its own tongue. I visited, in the eastern parts of the Republic, not only Czech and Slovak schools, but Magyar schools, Ruthenian schools, Rumanian schools, Jewish schools, even, at Uzhorod, a Gypsy school. At this last I asked the teacher, 'What do these children do when they leave school?' 'Most of them take up music,' he replied. They join the Gypsy bands one hears in many restaurants and cafés.

Members of the national minorities have not only their own schools but a substantial equality of civic rights—votes, newspapers of their own, trade unions, coöperative societies, a share, as peasants, in the distributed estates. I met a Magyar Socialist mayor in a Danube town, an old trade unionist. He and his Magyar fellow workers lived fuller civic lives there than would be allowed them in present-day Hungary. And they seemed to be aware of it. Continuously since 1926 the German minority has had two Ministers in the Cabinet at Prague. Since 1929

these German Ministers have been a Socialist and an Agrarian.

Ever since the War, except for a reactionary break from 1926 to 1929, which corresponded with the high tide of Communist strength in the country, Czechoslovakia has been ruled by coalition governments, in which the Socialist and Peasant Parties have been the predominant partners, a series of 'Red-Green coalitions.' With proportional representation and a multiplicity of parties, there is always a danger of weak and ineffective government. Czechoslovak politicians have shown great practical aptitude in the handling of this complicated situation. The successive Governments, in which the Socialist Parties have been represented, have a good record of solid, if not sensational, achievement in social legislation and public enterprise. And a swing to the Left in the coming elections would quicken the pace of internal reconstruction.

III

As an internal menace to the State, Fascism is negligible. A trifling spasm of Czech Fascism, led by the discredited General Gayda, was easily suppressed some years ago; likewise, more recently, an openly subversive Nazi movement in the German regions. It was put to me that the presence of a number of nationalities within the Republic is a considerable safeguard against the growth of Fascism, which is essentially based upon the blatant self-assertion of some one nationality. It was, however, one of the chief points of interest in the general election held on May 19 to see the progress made by the new German Party led by Henlein, till recently an obscure

gymnastic instructor. This Party, well supplied with funds from across the frontier, though paying lip service to the unity of the Republic, is conducting strong pro-Hitler propaganda.

The Communists have gone downhill since 1926. The Socialists have vigorously reasserted themselves, and the fear of such a slide to Communism as helped to wreck democracy in Germany has vanished. A further Communist decline is likely in the forthcoming elections, particularly since the recent establishment of cordial diplomatic relations between Prague and Moscow.

Slovak regionalism is a long story, but, so far as I could judge, a diminishing factor of internal disunity. The proportion of Slovaks employed in responsible posts, not only in Slovakia but in other parts of the Republic, is steadily rising. And anyone who thinks that, because some Slovaks still have grievances or jealousies against the Czechs, therefore they would side, in any serious crisis, with open enemies of the Republic is, I believe, deceiving himself. Father Hlinka himself, the most intransigent of Slovaks, whom before the War the Hungarians imprisoned for preaching in his mother tongue, began and ended a long talk I had with him at his home at Ružomberok with the declaration: 'I am a Slovak, and I am utterly opposed to all claims, whether by Poles or by Hungarians, for so-called treaty revision at our expense.'

Slovakia, more than any other part of the Republic, has gone through a phase of very rapid change in the last sixteen years. Its administrative capital, the beautiful city of Bratislava on the Danube, has grown out of all knowledge. So, in almost like propor-

tion, has Košice, the principal town in Eastern Slovakia. The incoming population has been Slovak; the Germans and Magyars, both absolutely and relatively, have declined.

Minority problems do not stay put. Tides of migration modify them; so do differential birth rates. In Czechoslovakia to-day the tides of migration are flowing westward and southward. Slovaks and, further east, Ruthenians are moving. And not only moving faster, but multiplying faster, than other elements in the population. In 1933 in Bohemia the birth rate of the Czechs was sixteen and of the Germans fifteen per thousand, but in Slovakia that of the Slovaks was twenty-six and in the eastern province that of the Ruthenians was thirty-nine per thousand. That of the Magyars, in the Republic as a whole, was twenty-four. These tendencies work against the advocates of frontier revision.

IV

From Prague I paid a flying visit to Vienna. It was a most unpleasing contrast. I was present for some hours at the trial of the Schutzbund leaders, since sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for having prepared to resist illegal force with force. 'Assistant judges' sat on the bench, wearing anti-Socialist party emblems on their coats. I was in the seats reserved for 'distinguished visitors,' alone save

for an observer from the Czechoslovak Legation. In front of me the seats reserved for the press were empty, save for the correspondents of the *Daily Herald*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the International Press Service. No representatives of the Austrian press were present. The seats behind me were crowded with detectives and Socialists. I saw plenty of evidence in that court and elsewhere that the spirit of Red Vienna still lives; its head is bloody but unbowed.

I visited the ruins of the workers' club in Ottakring, shelled and machine-gunned into silence, the road in front of it still roped off and closed to traffic. The authorities headed off the Prince of Wales from seeing this disgrace during his recent tour of Vienna. He had it, I was told, on the list of the sights that he asked to see. He was particularly interested in the great housing achievements of the municipality, and he went first at his own request to the Karl Marxhof, wearing a red flower in his buttonhole (if he had been an Austrian Socialist he would have been arrested for this), and talked with some of the tenants and noted the marks of the bombardment, now patched up. But, before he could reach Ottakring, which they had put last on the list, his official guides expressed regret that it was time for lunch.

I was glad to get back from Vienna to Prague, from bond to free.

Persons and Personages

AN HOUR WITH OLIVEIRA SALAZAR

By FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

I HAD an appointment with Premier Salazar of Portugal at nine forty-five P.M. Every evening he takes a long walk in the countryside around Lisbon,—recreation ordered by his doctors,—and I was to accompany him on that particular day. I had accepted the invitation gladly, for I preferred this familiar kind of interview to a more official and consequently briefer one at the National Assembly.

When I arrived in front of the dictator's house (a small one-story building in no way different from its neighbors, set in a quiet street connecting two main avenues of traffic), a car was stationed at the door. A young maid, who, with a housekeeper, constitutes the entire household of Premier Salazar, opened the door wide. There were none of the precautions, none of the chains that usually protect apprentice dictators. I rapidly ascended the stairway, which was decorated with green plants, and Salazar greeted me with extended hand. He walked ahead of me and uttered the very words I had prepared to say, so that all at once I felt that nothing would take place as I had planned. Everything was happening in a simpler, more cordial, and also more intimate fashion. The dictator no longer intimidated me. I forgot the title and saw only the man. In his smile, which seems all kindness, but which at the same time scrutinizes and judges, I discovered a flame of superior resignation, of absolute disinterestedness, which I have seen only in the eyes of a few great mystics.

Salazar spoke at great length about the crisis that hangs over the world and its many causes. (He did not perhaps formulate this idea as exactly as I have put it, for his is a subtle and scrupulous mind whose conversation is made up entirely of nuances, delicate touches, hesitations of expression that are not the result of intellectual indecision but, on the contrary, the consequence of the perpetual care that he exercises in expressing his thoughts.) I am convinced that, of all crises, the most serious in Salazar's opinion is the moral crisis and that the moral crisis, to his mind, is first and foremost a religious one.

Salazar believes that Catholicism, applied to contemporary life, can conquer the moral crisis as effectively to-day as it did in the past, that it can struggle victoriously against the desire for riches and the love of lux-

ury. In other words, he believes that Catholicism can give back to us the taste for authentic and simple things, that it can reconstruct the human being. At the same time, one feels that he makes a clear distinction between the Church and the State and that he has never considered it his mission to evangelize the Portuguese people, except, of course, by his own example. Salazar, a member of the laity, is content to guarantee the financial, economic, and political order of Portugal, which remains none the less closely bound to the moral order.

‘Do you then believe that we should save humanity in spite of itself and institute an authoritarian régime, a dictatorship?’ I asked.

‘It is quite possible that the economic crisis will assume such proportions throughout the world that a dictatorship born of necessity will show men how little they need in order to live quite happily. I know how difficult it is to guess what a crisis will engender. Theoretically, war should elevate human beings, and in reality pain and sacrifice have stimulated a few souls; but, as far as the majority of people is concerned, war has had the opposite effect. Generally speaking, it has had the most pernicious consequences, one of the most important of which is the increase in man’s appetite for pleasure.

‘As for political dictatorship, it becomes necessary when man has lost almost all his liberty, when he has fallen under the yoke of dark powers. This is exactly what is taking place in France, and it is what took place in our own country as a result of the combined influence of parliamentarianism and economic monopoly. The first duty of dictatorship is to reestablish the liberty of the State and thereby the liberty of the individual, for, if the State is not above everything, there can be no individual liberty.

‘What indeed is liberty? It is a guaranteed right. The State defines the right; but, if it is not free to make its definition respected, there can be no liberty. Under a parliamentary régime the State is not free. The Ministers are the slaves of the deputies, who are in turn the slaves of the electoral committees, whose funds the economic monopolies and financial oligarchies supply more or less directly and manœuvre more or less consciously. In Portugal they are no longer able to do this because the State is stronger than they, and the people are happy because they are free. The only ones who complain are the professional politicians, and I think they are sincere in doing so, for, since they do not live in contact with reality, they are hypnotized by a false notion—the fictitious relationship that they have established between parliamentarianism and political liberties. They are convinced that without parliament there is no liberty. Just think! Formerly one could insult Ministers. Of course, to-day one no longer has that liberty; but one still has the others.

‘It sometimes happens, however, that even distinguished thinkers are

seduced by this false idea. They are like those who say, "What if the dictatorship is not wise, what if it does not work well?" I can reply that in a Government such as mine, whose best safeguard is the clear-sighted support of all the citizens, whoever did not serve the country would be quickly overthrown. But I prefer to say, "How about your parliaments? Are they always wise?" And, when you replace them, you generally put worse ones in their stead. Since the dictatorship was established in Portugal, all the rights defined by the State have been respected. Moreover, there are different kinds of dictatorships. We do not have a totalitarian but a limited State. That is to say, we recognize the superior principles that limit our authority—justice and the common weal. If the dictator does not contribute to the happiness of his subjects, where is his justification?

'I do not want to prophesy, but I am convinced that twenty or thirty years from now there will not be a single parliament in existence with the power to make laws. Having once been a professor of law I know both theoretically and practically the complexity of the slightest decree, and I assure you that an assembly cannot work seriously. It is contrary to the fundamental exigencies of human nature. The parliamentary system deprives a man of one of the factors contributing to work and perfection—the sense of responsibility, which raises men above their own level. In a parliamentary régime no deputy gives the maximum that he is able to contribute by way of work, initiative, and inventiveness, because a deputy is not responsible, and even in the administration it is a good plan to make people responsible.

'And just as we are not a totalitarian State on the spiritual so we are not a totalitarian State on the economic plane. We do not think that the State should become a merchant, a manufacturer, or a business director; we recognize that individual initiative properly controlled is the most fertile instrument of progress and national economy.'

We were ten or twelve kilometres from Lisbon. The car stopped, and we got out.

'You are not afraid of walking?' Salazar asked. 'In order to overcome mental fatigue the doctor forces me to take an hour's walk in the country every evening.'

'Is that your only sport?' I questioned.

'Yes, for, though I love the ocean and boating, I do not feel I have the right to rob the State of a single minute of my services. A modern government demands ascetic leaders. Whereas, in the most depraved centuries there have been saints to do penance, to-day it is the statesmen who must perform this service.' Salazar looked at me, smiling and nodding, and then added, 'I don't know if there are many statesmen who understand this and who actually do penance.'

A refreshing breeze blew over the plateau. It was only a quarter past ten, and we were to walk until after midnight. This scene was romantic indeed for an interview with a dictator—a star-spangled sky (I have never seen stars so numerous, so luminous) and the vast naked earth spread out before us, almost without a single tree or a single house. From time to time we passed an isolated, squat olive tree, which the headlights of the car illuminated strangely. An old peasant, with a parchment-like face, a bent back, a white shirt with rolled-up sleeves, and a torn pair of dark trousers, crossed our path and turned around to look at us, three men (Antonio Ferro accompanied us) who were arguing with such cordial animation in the evening peace while a car, cat-like, crept along behind us. There was no noise around us except the sound of numerous crickets and once or twice during our walk the bark of a dog, to which another bark replied from afar. We passed through a village, and, in spite of the late hour, the peasants were talking on the doorsteps. The car put out its headlights, for the dictator did not wish to be recognized. Above all else this former professor of Coimbre hates all kind of show. Ovations annoy him; and this is not entirely the result of modesty, for he well knows how easily ovations can be misdirected. He governs in order to govern and not in order to be seen governing.

WHEN we had passed through the village, we took up our conversation again, and I asked Salazar what he thought of dictatorship. He returned to his theme of liberty, the best guarantee of which he believes to be in dictatorial power.

‘It is only since the dictatorship that Portugal has really known liberty. Formerly there was liberty only for the friends of the party in power. I recall that in 1914 I was invited to give a lecture at Porto. I had hardly finished expressing my idea when trouble broke out under the protection of the police. Chairs were used as projectiles: that was the régime of liberty.’

‘And yet you yourself have a censorship?’ I asked.

‘It is a curious fact that the French intellectuals who preceded you all seemed deeply troubled by the censorship. Excuse me for saying so, but I think that you are being a little naïve. There is only one form of censorship that is really nefarious for the human mind and that is all the more nefarious because it is secret—the censorship imposed by the domination of economic interests. The hand of this modern feudalism muzzles the greater part of the international press, and one may well ask whether it is not the authoritarian states which are forced to protect and defend human intelligence. Thus the virtuous amazement of journalists in the face of state censorship, which exercises its power in the open light of day and is able to justify itself, is comical indeed. Just as if the journalists in

any country were able to write whatever they choose. Moreover, our censorship is extremely restricted. It is never a censorship of ideas, it is a censorship of facts.'

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'I mean that in Portugal, where I allow no one the liberty to write falsehoods, I never prevent anyone from formulating whatever judgments he pleases if they are based on actual facts. Let us take a single example in the field of financial problems. I allow no one to falsify figures. If I present a balanced budget, no one has the right to say that it is unbalanced; but, if someone decides to write that in balancing the budget I am following a strange, ridiculous, prehistoric idea, I smile and let him have his say.'

'And what is the censor's rule regarding morality?'

'Here we should make an important distinction. When we meet with pornographic works without the slightest literary value, we intervene. Whenever it is a question of art, we act prudently, and if there is a doubt we vote for freedom. It would be a mistake to dry up the sources of inspiration. Otherwise one would find one's self compelled to break the Venus de Milo with a hammer.'

'But, in judging the morality or the immorality of a work, what is your criterion?'

'In Portugal, a Catholic country, we are guided by Catholic morality. It is not the duty of the State to create a guide for morality. On this point, as well as on many others, we differ from the Hitler dictatorship.'

'But, if you are guided by Catholicism, you prohibit all anti-religious works, do you not?'

'No, when we are faced with serious works that discuss scientifically some point or other in Catholic dogma, we allow them to appear.'

AFTER a literary interlude in the course of which Salazar revealed his great knowledge of French literature, and particularly of Maurras, we returned to the question of politics and I asked him, 'How do you account for the fact that all dictators are of proletarian birth?'

'It is possible that the proletarian origin of all presentday dictators is merely a coincidence. If so, it is a curious one indeed, for it brings up some interesting problems. The debilitation of classes is a likely phenomenon. In Portugal, for instance, the aristocracy has no function whatever. Moreover, though social classes exist to-day, they are not as closed as they used to be. Since the nineteenth century a constant renewal of social groups has been going on. The upper classes are renewed by borrowing certain elements from the lower classes.'

'And, in order to permit the people to renew the ruling classes, do you not consider education one of the prime jobs of your Government?'

'I think that to-day there is a tendency to idealize education overmuch. It is false to say that education creates happiness. One can be illiterate and very happy. There is a tendency to confuse everything, education and intelligence, erudition and culture. Erudition is accessible to all and does not lead to anything much. It has no value in itself, but is a means to an end. Culture, on the contrary, is the highest development of the intelligence in relation to the fundamental problems of life. To come back to the people, I shall even go so far as to say that widespread education cannot serve as an index to the economic development of a country, for it is the élite that assures a country's richness and its vitality, that takes the initiative, that launches and supports enterprises.'

'But you said yourself a while ago that the élite wears out and must be renewed.'

'Exactly, and the new Portuguese State increases the number of schools in order to permit the birth of a new élite and in order to make it possible for the better popular elements to develop their potentialities freely.'

I do not recall what detour brought us back to the question of politics and parties, the banishment of which is one of the central points of Salazar's political doctrine. 'France,' he said, 'is a magnificent country. Its reserves are extraordinary. When everything seems lost, the country raises itself up and makes the necessary effort to get back on its feet. But how much precious strength is wasted by the parliamentary régime and government by parties! The whole thing has to be done over time and again. The effort that M. Laval expended to establish the finances M. Poincaré had already expended before, but because of the parties, because of the politicians, every advantage gained is lost at the end of a few years. That is why the French can accomplish a great continuous task, a task that grows and develops, only with the greatest of difficulty. France should create a situation that would guarantee the stability of the Government and the permanence of its enterprises. Though I shall not mention any particular example, I may tell you that, when we negotiate a commercial treaty with a parliamentary government and find an incomprehensible resistance to an arrangement that is obviously to the advantage of both nations, we very soon discover behind the Government the selfish interest of some economic clique with one or several politicians at its disposal to put a spoke in the wheels of an agreement that would be advantageous to the nation as a whole.'

'But can one suppress all parties? Are they not the manifestation of something eternal—diversity of opinion?' I asked.

'Certainly. And I do not want to suppress diversity of opinion. But there is a fundamental difference between admitting that several opinions

exist and allowing those opinions to influence the Government. I cannot endure the idea that government is a compromise among different opinions, for by this very compromise it loses the strength, and whatever element of truth, each one contains.

‘Opinions that are not inspired by political passions are interesting, and I am a man who is always glad to be advised, though my decision remains strictly my own. We have a National Assembly, a parliament if you want to call it that, which is in session three months a year. All its members belong to the National Union, but they do not all have to have the same opinion about the different problems that they must face. A majority is formed on each project, a majority that is not composed of the same men in each case; and I am glad that it is so. The opposition of parties is always false. A man belonging to one party is never entitled to agree on anything with a man belonging to an opposing group. You find a great many such examples in French parliamentary history during these last few years. The party in power proposes measures and laws that seem wise and that are in any case the best among those that circumstances offer. The opposition attacks them. The government falls. The opposition takes over the reins of power. It is then forced to adopt the same measures and to propose the same laws—after a delay that has impaired their effectiveness. That is the weakness of a parliamentary government. I have a parliament, but I am the one who governs, and the only profound reality for the people is the Government. We have a constitution in this country, but as long as I am in power I represent the Government in the eyes of the people. Yet people still talk of dictatorship, in spite of the constitution I elaborated and to which I am naturally the first to submit. Moreover, the people have great difficulty in conceiving of a government that is not personal.’

In this connection Salazar told me an interesting story. A few years ago a violent storm wrought havoc in the region of Dao, where he was spending his vacation. A bridge was carried away. As the accident took place near his home, Salazar wanted to get an exact idea of the damage done.

‘In this way, since I knew that they were going to ask me for money to make repairs, I would be in a position to judge how far their demands were justified. When we came to the scene, we found an old peasant. The friend who accompanied me said, “It’s going to cost you plenty of money to replace all this, but no doubt the Government will help you?” The peasant, who did not know Salazar, shook his head, “It seems that over there his Lordship the Government does not have much money either.”’

‘Well, that peasant was right to personify the Government in this way. But,’ I protested, ‘it is precisely this personal and consequently transitory character of dictatorships that . . .’

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'Yes, I know that is the most serious danger in dictatorships, the instability of the government in a changing world. But the same problem arises with other forms of government. With republics, whether dictatorial or otherwise, you will come up against the same impasse. The advantage of monarchies is that no one argues as to who will be the successor.'

We had been walking for two hours, proceeding slowly and stopping often. We had reached the little village of Loures, down in a valley. Salazar made a sign for the car to join us, and in a quarter of an hour we reached the capital, following the Campo Grande.

We started up a broad avenue. I asked my host, 'Is this the Avenue of Liberty?'

'We are still a long way from there,' the dictator replied. 'This is the Avenue of the Republic.'

'The enemies of the Government say the same thing,' Antonio Ferro, our companion, insinuated smilingly. 'They, too, declare that we are a long way from the avenue of liberty.'

'Well, then,' Salazar replied, 'I have the courage of my convictions, and I say with them that we are indeed a long way from *their* avenue of liberty.'

GENERAL VON SEECKT

By FELIX BURGER

IT WAS a strange coincidence: at the very moment when the press reported that the seventy-year-old von Seeckt had returned to Germany, Berthold Jacob, a German journalist who was a fanatical opponent of German rearmament, was kidnapped from Basel and held for the German People's Court. Was it an accident?

Few people know that it was Jacob who was largely responsible for von Seeckt's fall in January, 1926. It was Jacob who published the report that, with the tacit approval of von Seeckt, a Hohenzollern prince was serving as a volunteer in the Reichswehr. In the face of indignant denials from the Reichswehr Ministry Jacob stuck to his contention and proved his facts. He cited time and place, and the enraged von Seeckt had to admit the evidence. The end of the affair was von Seeckt's resignation, his sullen retirement. When he returned, Jacob was thrown into the dungeons of the Hitler régime.

For more than forty years von Seeckt has devoted himself to the German army. His career was straightforward: cadet, ensign with the Alexander Grenadier Regiment, officers' academy—then appointment to the General Staff. Even before the World War, von Seeckt had

become Chief of Staff of the Third Army. In 1914, he was assigned to the army of von Kluck. The trench warfare at the Aisne was under his command, and in the Battles of Soissons in 1915 he won his first personal success. Mackensen's attention was drawn to the young staff officer, and the Field Marshal obtained his appointment to the Eleventh Army. Here von Seeckt feverishly mapped out the campaign in Russian Galicia. The battle at Gorlice, in which the Germans penetrated the enemy's lines, was his work. Afterward he transferred to Serbia and Turkey.

The collapse of 1918 found him in the East. Together with Hindenburg and Groener, he at once placed himself at the disposal of the new masters. A disbeliever in Putsches, he remained a cool, calculating observer. When a certain Colonel Rossbach attempted a coup against the new Government, von Seeckt tried to prevent it. Though he did not succeed, he entered the new Reichswehr office as chief of the *Truppenamt*, the troop bureau.

Did von Seeckt become a convinced Republican, he who had served the monarchy for forty years? 'The generals of a Republic are in a difficult position. Springing, for the most part, from the monarchy, in which the monarch was the highest war lord, with the deepest understanding of his General Staff, they must suddenly readjust themselves, must become political generals, wise in the ways of negotiating with the spokesmen for public opinion. They must pretend to honor a parliamentary régime that runs counter to their innermost convictions, to their education, their ideas of discipline, their *Weltanschauung*. They must even adjust themselves to democratic manners, participate in parliamentary debates, exchange kind words with the deputies and the members of the press. And why all this waste of time and energy? The men with whom they deal understand not a single word of military and technical matters!' This is how Wilhelm Herzog pictured the situation of the French General Staff before the Dreyfus affair, and the words describe to a hair the situation of the General Staff in the young German Republic. Von Seeckt had not become a convinced Republican as had other generals. He merely thought it useful, in the interest of army reconstruction, to adapt himself to 'democratic customs.' We shall soon see how he reacted during the critical hours of the Republic.

Gustav Noske was Reichswehr Minister and Bauer was Chancellor when the news came that the Ehrhardt Brigade was about to invade Berlin and capture the Government. Would the Reichswehr obey its oath of allegiance and scatter the rebels with machine guns? Noske summoned his generals, among them von Seeckt, lean of stature, narrow of forehead, monocled. Some of the generals were fresh converts to Socialism. Also present as representative of the political section was none

other than von Schleicher. The council assembled on the critical night before the outbreak of the Kapp Putsch. Noske was chairman. General Reinhardt stated the case clearly and unequivocally: the conflict was between the oath to the flag and loyalty to comrades; the decision was difficult. Still, the insurgents had to be met with armed force. There could be no neutrality for the Reichswehr . . . There was an uneasy pause when Reinhardt finished speaking. Then von Seeckt's voice, hoarse with feeling, was heard. He looked at Noske: 'It is out of the question to let the Reichswehr fight against the Reichswehr.' Abruptly and suddenly he confronted Noske personally: 'Do you, Herr Reichswehr Minister, intend to have a battle between troops who fought shoulder to shoulder less than two years ago?' Had he risked too much? Had the Sphinx dropped her mask? At once his tone became conciliatory. He feigned loyalty toward the Government, emphatically rejected the Putsch régime. But an open fight? Impossible! It was von Seeckt who brought about the decision of this council. All agreed with him—with two exceptions. The next morning the Government left Berlin, fled to Stuttgart. Von Seeckt calmly remained in the Reichswehr Ministry.

Kapp's power lasted seven days. It was not the Reichswehr that decided the issue in favor of the Government but the general strike of the workers, the actions of the Republicans. Instead of cleaning out the monarchist gangsters for good and all, Ebert merely let Noske go and appointed in his stead Otto Gessler, a Social Democrat. Von Seeckt became commander-in-chief of the army. Nobody protested. Von Seeckt was the all-powerful ruler of the Reichswehr Ministry.

WHAT was his program? On March 18, 1920, he issued his first proclamation to the officers: short sentences, full of meaning and of one meaning only. 'The officers of the Reichswehr confront an hour of decision. Their attitude in the time immediately before them will decide whether they are to keep the leadership in the new army. At the same time upon them depends whether the Reichswehr will succeed in salvaging the values of the past for an active present and a hopeful future.' That, then, was his program: 'the values of the past,' meaning the Prussian tradition, universal military service; the 'hopeful future' could be only the reconstruction of these 'values of the past.'

The quiet work of reconstruction began. From the very beginning von Seeckt regarded the German plan, only recently realized, as his own task: to build up the Reichswehr as the framework for a great German army, the skeleton into which the rank-and-file could fit when the time came. General von Barthélemy, of the Allied Military Control Commission in Berlin, recognized this plan, as did the English General Morgan.

'It seems to be clear that a premeditated plan exists to defeat the

main principles of the Treaty. This plan shows all the marks of an extremely capable and ingenious personality behind it,' Morgan wrote to a highly placed member of the English Army Council. In 1924 he added: 'To-day there can be no doubt who was—and is—the man behind the plan. It is General von Seeckt, who may yet cast a tremendous shadow over the face of Europe within five or ten years.' Morgan called von Seeckt 'the new Moltke, a man of strong character, an outstanding soldier whose promotion during the War was as rapid as it was deserved.' He closed with these words: 'If I were a German and a patriot, I should bow my head before General von Seeckt, the "greatest Roman of them all." Even Scharnhorst shrinks in comparison, for his task was incomparably simpler. When he twisted the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Tilsit, to the chagrin of Napoleon, his task was much easier than that of von Seeckt in twisting the Versailles disarmament clauses.'

In 1922 von Seeckt created the Black Reichswehr (illegal Reichswehr formations), and he could boast that he never had difficulties with the Reich Treasury. Under his leadership the Reichswehr developed as a state within the State. Von Seeckt was the real Minister of Defense. Methodically he built up what the Versailles Treaty had smashed. Often misunderstood by the young nationalists, he gained the sympathies even of the first Reich President, Ebert. When a friend revealed to Ebert his distrust of the old-Prussian type, including von Seeckt, Ebert allegedly answered: 'What do you want? He is extremely loyal to me.'

THE Ruhr struggle had brought the Reich to the edge of ruin. Monetary inflation had roused the passions of the masses. In October, 1923, power was placed in the hands of the Reichswehr. General von Seeckt became dictator of Germany. He brought about order very quickly, but not where he should have. He solved the conflict between Bavaria and the Reich by chasing the Saxon and Thuringian Socialist-Communist coalition governments out of office. In Berlin he had pamphlets against threatened Jewish pogroms confiscated. But he did not march against Bavaria, where a dictatorship of separatists had been established under the local administrator, General von Kahr.

Von Seeckt succeeded in crushing the attempted Putsch of Colonel Buchrucker, commandant of the Black Reichswehr. When, in September, 1923, he was approached by still another group of conspirators, he again refused them support. As in the case of the Kapp Putsch, he clearly recognized the insufficient strength of the rebels. He threatened bullets, 'even against the Right.' The German nationalists were driven to desperation. At the beginning of 1924 there was an unsuccessful attempt on von Seeckt's life. Thus, unwittingly, he became a martyr of the Republic.

The strife of 1923 interfered with von Seeckt's plans. The illegal Black Reichswehr was an open secret. From the Ministry down to local districts a complete double organization existed. In one such district, Number III, the strength of the Black Reichswehr amounted to 18,000 men.

This latter district was involved in the notorious Feme murders [the Black Reichswehr's secret military court], in the uncovering of which, in 1925, Berthold Jacob played an important part. Jacob publicly declared that the highest military authorities, including von Seeckt, were as guilty as the culprits who had been apprehended and who had merely obeyed orders. All the officers named brought suit—except von Seeckt. In 1926 the Reichswehr Minister was finally compelled to present a report on the Feme murders to a Reichstag committee. The report was an attempt at whitewashing, though Buchrucker, to avenge his defeat, blurted out the whole truth. Yet, owing to the power of von Seeckt and the excessive tolerance of the Republic, nothing happened beyond a few Feme trials, involving miserable creatures whose lives were already ruined.

In his book, *Gedanken eines Soldaten*, which he wrote when he had retired in 1926, von Seeckt has set down his views about the virtues of old Prussian soldiery, about the necessity of saving the 'values of the past for a more hopeful future.' He has frequently been charged with an 'Eastern bias' because during the War he had placed strategic bases for the German armament industry in Russia. But, as his whole career has clearly proved, he is German to the core—indeed, pan-German. He was strictly opposed to parliamentarism, though in 1930 he permitted himself to be elected to the Reichstag as a member of the German People's Party. He felt very ill at ease in such surroundings, where obedience was nothing, where debate with one's opponents was everything. He resigned and accepted a call to reorganize the Chinese army.

Von Seeckt is the archetype of the constructive staff officer. The reconstruction of the German army is his very own accomplishment. Unlike von Schleicher, he did not fall into the error of trying to take into his own hands the political fate of the country; his brief parliamentary career taught him that the floors of parliament were too slippery for him. To-day he finds fulfilled what he himself prophetically expressed in his first proclamation of 1920. His former opponents, his assassins, and his victims march united behind the swastika. Like von Hindenburg, he must have remained a monarchist at heart. But the German army meant more to him than the form of government—he proved this in 1918. To the army he has dedicated his life.

A Mohammedan relates the history of Communism in India and describes the factors that help to spread it; a South American tells of strikingly similar conditions in the Argentine.

WORKERS *of the World . . .*

SOUTH AMERICA
AND SOUTH ASIA

I. COMMUNISM IN INDIA

By HABIBUR RAHMAN

Translated from the *Europäische Revue*, Berlin National-Socialist Non-Party Monthly

IN ORDER to win Great Britain's friendship, the Soviet Union has again and again renounced Communist propaganda in India as a means of realizing its avowed object of 'world' revolution.' But the Soviet assurances can claim only theoretical value. The lie is given to the promises of the Soviet Union, for Bolshevik doctrines are making greater and greater inroads in India. In order to understand Communist developments in India one must go back to the end of the World War.

After the victorious War, the All-India National Congress confidently

expected concessions from Great Britain. But, instead of obtaining Dominion status, India had to be satisfied with the 'Montague-Chelmsford Reforms' of 1929, whose most important progressive measure was the creation of a central parliament. The National Congress was not satisfied with this constitution, and the struggle for freedom took on more acute forms. Many means were tried to make it clear to the British Government that India was ready for self-administration.

This Indian struggle for freedom was carefully watched by the Soviet Union, and the Comintern at Moscow

tried to draw the radical elements in the movement over to its side. The first step was to contact those Indian revolutionists who came to Europe and even to Moscow, in order to gain through them the opportunity of approaching the Indian Nationalists at home and winning them over to Communism.

The well-known Bengal terrorist, M. N. Roy (his real name is Narendra Chattopahya), had engaged in anti-British propaganda in America during the War. When the United States entered the War, he was compelled to flee. He succeeded in establishing contact with the Comintern and in being accepted as a member. He was not the only one who sought and found definite backing in Moscow. Other revolutionists were always active in Europe and trying to get in touch with Indian Nationalists.

While Gandhi was ceaselessly waging the Indian struggle for freedom, one group actually succeeded in winning over a fraction of Indian intellectuals to its ideas and in organizing Communist propaganda in India. Moscow put up large sums of money, and gradually the propaganda penetrated broad strata of farmers and workers.

II

Whoever understands the Indian mentality knows that all life in India proceeds on the basis of religion. Thus the chances for Moscow to obtain a real foothold were small. India's 353 millions are so steeped in their religious concepts that to this day no one has dared to oppose religion publicly, even in the most covert fashion. Because of these considerations it is clear that in India a movement can

promise success only if it refrains from attacking religion and God in the way demanded by Communism. Gandhi, the 'Mahatma' or 'Saint,' as he is popularly called, waged his struggle for freedom on a religious basis, for his methods are the expressions of his religious life.

Despite these circumstances, Moscow did not renounce the struggle in India. Indian Communist agents had indeed succeeded in surrounding themselves with a few groups to whom Communism appealed; but we may be sure that those who fell for Communist propaganda had no idea at all of what Communism really meant and of the destructive aims it pursued. The activities of the Communist group in India came to light, and in the 'Cawnpur Conspiracy Case' of 1921, the Communists were tried for high treason. The number of Indians prosecuted in this trial was small in proportion to the giant Empire of India: there were but a dozen, a few of whom were acquitted. Nevertheless, the trial created a tremendous furor. It was at last recognized that Moscow was involved, attempting with the most strenuous efforts to usurp leadership in the struggle for freedom, even though there was as yet no official Communist Party in India.

The treason trial was a severe blow to the Communist cause in India. It was now decided to entrust European Communists with the underground work, and a few English and American Communists were found for this purpose. These Westerners naturally had but slight bonds with the Indian people. They tried at first to draw Indian Nationalists of radical complexion to themselves and interest them in Com-

munist propaganda. On the whole, however, they achieved small success, precisely because the complete elimination of religion runs counter to the very essence of the Indian people. Only one small group was found ready to do Moscow's work, and in 1929 even these elements were finally apprehended in Meerut and brought to trial for high treason. A few union leaders were arrested, principally three British agents, Spratt, Bradley, and Hutchinson (the last was president of the Anti-Imperialist League).

The trial became known as the 'Meerut Conspiracy Case' and again caused great excitement in India. The British Government imprisoned the guilty ones for a few years, without really giving them a hearing. Not until much later, through the testimony of a great many witnesses, could a clear picture of the events be obtained. As a matter of fact, Moscow's rôle was very hard to establish. As has already been mentioned, there were no official Communist offices and no Communist Party in India. It was solely a question of unorganized individuals proceeding with their work in the Communist spirit.

It was thought that with the uncovering of the Meerut treason the activities of the Soviet Union had been nipped in the bud. As a matter of fact, Moscow seemed to be so bitterly disappointed by this second great failure that it no longer placed any value on work in India. It simply was not possible to establish a well-led organization there. The associations and unions, formed for materialistic motives, kept telling Moscow that they were agitating among the Indian people; but their sole purpose was to receive money from Moscow, which

they could then spend for other, generally religious, purposes, which were more important to them as Indians. The *Civil Military Gazette*, an English newspaper in Lahore, reported on August 10, 1934, that the various Communist organizations and unions were to be placed under the control of a central organization. It was further asserted that considerable sums of money had come into India, especially by way of Central Asia and across the northwestern border. Since these sums were not utilized for Communist purposes, the Communist International became very wary of sending further remittances to India.

III

In the end Communist propaganda assumed other forms. On April 25, 1934, a textile workers' strike broke out in Bombay. It extended until June 19, 1934, and ultimately involved 60,000 workers. Delhi and Nagpur were likewise seized by strike disturbances. The result was considerable damage, for the employees as well as for the employers. The bloody interludes that took place during these disturbances may be put down to the account of the Comintern. The dock-workers' strike at the port of Calcutta on November 28, 1934, was still more serious and caused the British Government grave concern. The Government came to the conclusion that, if the misery of the Indian masses were not alleviated, Communist ideas would find a fertile ground in the restless masses. The Communist influence everywhere paralleled the strike wave. In the absence of an official Communist Party in India, the British Government had

to issue a decree on July 27, 1934, prohibiting Communist activity in general terms. The decree specified that in the opinion of the Indian Government the purpose of the Communist organizations in India, with their committees, sub-committees, and branches, was to foment unrest in the administration and strife among the people. But the decree did not make it clear just what parties, committees, and sub-committees were meant. It placed upon the Provincial Governments the responsibility of investigating the different parties in order to determine which of them had engaged in Communist activities and which of them threatened such activities for the future. In Punjab as well as in Bombay several organizations were suppressed.

IV

It is interesting to note that a demand was made on the Indian Government to set forth the reasons for the prohibition of Communist Party organizations. The question was discussed in the Indian Parliament on August 14, 1934. In his capacity as Home Member, Sir Henry Craik declared that the 'Meerut Conspiracy Case' had shown that Communist Party organizations in India had the same purposes and were built on the same basis as the International Communist Party.

Even considering the entire course of Communist activities in India from 1919 to 1934 and the belief of leading men in India that international doctrines cannot, for religious reasons, take root in the population, it must be stated with grave apprehension that Moscow has not desisted from its ef-

forts to win the Indian people and that a serious danger exists as long as the masses are in desperation. The economic and social condition of the Indian people is the worst imaginable. It is not only the Indian worker alone who is waging a fierce struggle for existence but the people as a whole.

Nor can it be said that foreign rule alone is solely responsible for the grave abuses, for the domestic princes bear their share of guilt. The Indian nation is largely agrarian—67 per cent of the entire population is engaged in agriculture and animal husbandry. The tremendous masses of peasants (234,800,000) lead a life that cannot really be compared to a human existence. No peasant is able to eat even one full meal a day. He produces a variety of things, but nothing is left for him but dry bread and onions. Agricultural implements are of the most primitive kind, and the soil has been depleted by unconscionable exploitation. Thus the crop no longer is as rich as in former years.

The lot of the Indian worker is even worse than that of the peasant. Statistics for the year 1931 show that industry employed 9.7 per cent of the workers. However, in reality only 15,400,000 people are at work, each one of them providing for an unemployed family. The low wage level of women workers—8 to 16 cents a day—speaks for itself. The greater part of male unskilled labor receives a weekly wage of \$1.20, with a working day of ten to eleven hours. Textile workers are the best paid, receiving a monthly wage of \$16 to \$24.

The census of 1931 established that the population had increased 10.6 per cent in ten years. Walking the streets in Bombay at night, one sees thou-

sands of homeless people. Only 4 per cent of the entire population of Bombay know the joy of having a place to live. In Bombay 80,000 men are perpetually unemployed, and the total unemployed in India amount to between 40,000,000 and 60,000,000. They lack all means of support and depend on what they can beg. Exact statistics of unemployment are not available, since there is no Government relief.

Under such circumstances it is hardly strange that the Soviet Union makes a virtue of this misery and seeks to win the masses of the people. The Communists violently oppose the Indian Nationalists in the All-India National Congress. It is these Nationalists who are working toward the economic and social improvement of Indian peasants and workers and who thereby hope to nip Communism in the bud.

II. ARGENTINE REALITIES

By RAUL GONZALEZ TUÑON

Translated from *Leviatán*, Madrid Socialist Monthly

FOR the observant Spaniard it is difficult to fit Spanish America into the international panorama, especially those countries of Spanish America that, like Argentina, present a complicated picture because the two strongest imperialisms of the world, the British and the Yankee, allied as they are to the opposing factions of the national bourgeoisie, have invaded every field of the national life and, with their gold and their diplomatic intrigue, are accentuating the disintegration that the capitalistic system brings with it.

Some believe that in Argentina nothing happens; that her twelve million people languish in a vast territory where there is land for anyone who wants to work it and be happy. Others believe that Argentina is hopeless and that (like those fictitious republics of the Yankee screen) it produces only hot-headed generals, infernal lady-reciters of poetry, politicians of volcanic and Balkan temperament, and periodic revolutions for bored tourists.

Yes, there is plenty of land in Argentina, but it is in the hands of a group of great landowners, and its products in every case pass through the offices of Bunge, Boorn, or Dreyfus. There are in Argentina also potential tyrants like Juan Vicente Gómez of Venezuela or Benavides of Peru; and odd literati whom Baroja fancifully imagines perched on trees. There is also an inclination to the barracks. Tyrants and odd literati, however, are likewise products of old Europe. As for the revolutions, these break out neither of their own accord nor because the Spanish-American temperament must have them; they are the doings of capitalist ferocity and the inter-imperialist struggle, which have provoked even a war like that of the Chaco—solely the consequence of oil's unbridled race: Standard Oil against Royal Dutch. There are also in Argentina, as throughout Spanish America, imprisoned workers, intellectuals, and students. There exist a suffering, struggling proletariat and

peasantry, who have awakened and are beginning to organize scientifically, in spite of the martyrdom and blood.

II

What is responsible for this lack of information regarding Spanish America? The Spanish newspapers do not mention how in Tucumán, for instance, a band of reactionaries destroyed the home of an anti-war and anti-imperialistic committee, killing several members; nor how in the jails of Peru hundreds of young men are rotting; nor how in Venezuela even fifteen-year-old students have to drag heavy iron chains in their filthy cells. The newspapers are interested only in crime, kidnappings, or earthquakes. This can to some extent be understood, because the bourgeois press is partisan and given to sugar-coating hard facts, and Spain is much preoccupied with what is happening next door.

But what about the 'famous interchange,' the Spanish-American societies, the ambassadors, the 'lion's whelps,' the 'motherland,' the ceremonies and speeches, the 'eldest daughter,' the 'Day of the Race,' and other well-known topics? Besides, those South-American intellectuals who are able to travel come to Europe and devote themselves exclusively to the task of securing an introduction by a discerning critic, supervising their expected glory, and arranging their stiff and boring receptions, the details of which the United Press will flash to the bourgeois press of Spanish America. At this moment Señor Enrique Larreta is in Madrid. While the Argentinian Government is smashing workers' organi-

zations, is intimidating the press with threats of legal reprisals, and is making fresh concessions to imperialism (the 'coördination of transportation facilities' will leave more than 100,000 persons without bread, for the benefit of the English concern, the 'Anglo-Argentino'); while in Argentina an inquisitorial Commission of Culture is being set up (with the aid of fanatical and ridiculous writers) to invoke the law and imprison worthy men; he, Señor Enrique Larreta, announces dramatically to the reporters that he has brought a play with him and that everyone in Buenos Ayres is preparing to celebrate with magnificent revelry the four-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the conquerors on Argentinian shores.

The Government of General Justo, an offspring of the Uriburu dictatorship, is a dictatorship also; perhaps worse: dictatorship sanctioned by law, Fascism with a fraudulent parliamentary majority. General Justo, kept in power by a non-existent conglomerate of reactionary parties, allows his Ministers—Leopoldo Melo of the Interior, a lawyer for foreign enterprises, and Federico Pinedo of Finances, a rabid ex-Socialist—to do whatever they choose in social and economic matters. Thus there has already been established a kind of censorship, which the police exercise by closing down newspapers and preventing others from appearing regularly, in addition to the real censorship for all the dailies, exercised by the President's Press Department.

While the Government is talking of returning to 'optional voting' to make up for the suppressed secret ballot—the oligarchy's last resort—and is considering a law against the press,

the Minister of the Interior protects the 'special department of the police for the repression of Communism,' which, without orders from a judge, searches homes and jails their owners, forges the police blotter, and invents lawsuits . . . These actions are in the end made lawful through judicial channels. They want to drown public opinion with lawsuits! They make laws against revolutionary associations, meetings without permits, etc., which are meant to curb Left-wing activities and are never applied against Fascists, gamblers, and speculators.

Proceedings were begun against me for alleged inciting to revolt in 1933. I was given two years but was set free on probation. Now, in 1935, I am condemned again to two years in prison. My crime was a poem, *Las Brigadas de Choque* (*The Shock Brigades*)—a violent poem, a little insulting and somewhat anarchistic. But the investigation showed that nowhere in the poem was there any 'inciting to revolt.' I, who had never before had any dealings with the police, was confronted with a voluminous police record. I was fingerprinted five times. I was detained six days and was led before the judge with manacled fists.

If, for the tone of a poem, they give me two years, what, then, don't they do to the labor leaders?

Meantime the Roca Pact hastens the cession of Argentina to England. Without fear we may shout it to the world because it is true that Argentina, economically, is a British colony—a semi-colony; and we run the risk of more serious consequences, which will arise in the struggle between English and Yankee imperialism, thanks to the servility and criminal complicity of a national bourgeoisie that is ready to sell an entire province to the highest bidder if only it contains oil.

Unemployment increases. In April, 1934, there were more than 300,000 idle workers. The trusts and speculators grow fat. In the meadows, in the great forests, and in some sugar mills the feudal system survives. Persons who point out such shame and infamy are prosecuted.

Optional voting and a law against the press pending, the outlawing of workers' organizations, the persecution of intellectuals, prison and the Eucharist, visits of dictators and surrender to imperialism—these are the realities of the Argentine Republic.

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Here is an up-to-the-minute article on the crisis confronting the French cinema industry. After reviewing the causes of the decline, the author proposes a government agency to save the French films from certain bankruptcy.

The French CINEMA

By MAURICE PETSCHÉ

Translated from *Marianne*
Paris Topical Weekly

THE crisis of the French moving-picture industry is a matter of common knowledge. But the facts reveal a far graver danger than the banal statement alone. Our production of full-length films since 1932 shows a significant retrogression; for, whereas the 1932 output was 157 films, this figure dropped to 143 films in 1933 and to 126 films in 1934. Even at its highest point production fell short of current demands.

What are these demands? Should we understand them to be synonymous with the total number of films submitted to the censor in 1933—that is to say, about 700? But out of 573 imported films only 470 were ever shown. Furthermore, a study conducted by the Banque du Cinématographe shows that, out of every three films shown, one brings in a profit, another just manages to make ex-

penses, and the third shows a deficit. In other words, the capacity of the French market would seem to vacillate between 250 and 300 films a year, figures that approximate those of Germany and Italy. These facts lead to two conclusions—the insufficiency of French national production, which implies the possibility of staging a comeback, and the loss on films actually produced, which suggests the necessity of reforming the industry.

The high mortality rate of the companies engaging in production, distribution, and promotion stresses this latter necessity. For one by one the majority of these companies have gone into bankruptcy—G. F. F. A., Haik, Osso, and so forth. The year 1934 was fatal. It swallowed up about 130 million francs of the industry's surplus. The only company in this industry that is still on its feet is the

Pathé-Nathan. Pathé-Nathan's accounts show a considerable profit (undistributed since 1929); its finances sometimes seem precarious; and its shares have dropped in five years from 650 francs to 24 francs.

II

The drama of these companies is the same as the drama of all capitalistic enterprises in our time. At the beginning they were family businesses, carefully and soundly operated—and prosperous. That was in the days of silent films. But, when the talkies came in, the pioneers, who had no faith in these new inventions, disappeared, preferring to give way rather than to make large and seemingly uncertain investments.

The cinema then took on the appearance of those adventurous enterprises that are ruled by the mirage of hard-won gold. Finance, with its many combinations, penetrated these old and sound businesses, which paid dearly for their prestige, for they had to incur heavy expenses to renew their equipment.

Since they could not water their already large capital, they had recourse to bank credit, which was temporary and revocable at any time. And in the face of the uncertainty that constantly threatened their fragile equilibrium they resorted to the even more fragile expedients of holding companies and affiliates. In order to meet the pressing demands of their finances, they took the very substance out of their business and gave up useful and active elements. Important establishments and serious banks held aloof. The cinema was at the mercy of speculation. The fantastic success of a

few films and the fortune that they brought in lured restless capital. It was no longer a question of participating in an industry, of taking an interest in its development; it was a matter of realizing a quick profit.

Production and distribution remained apparently sound, but the financial basis of the industry was dangerously undermined. This game, which attracted speculators, sometimes ceased to be honest; the sharpers penetrated the profession and deliberately mixed a large element of 'far-off Spanish treasures' with its legitimate activities.

During the third period, which we shall analyze in this article, the important companies have almost all gone bankrupt. Those that still carry on have given up their production and are now renting out merely their services. In 1934 Pathé edited ten full-length pictures; during the second half of the same year G. F. F. A. produced eight films, not one of which appeared under the company's own name.

From January 1 to December 31, 1934, films of more than 900 metres were edited as follows:—

1	company	edited	21	films
1	"	"	12	"
1	"	"	10	"
1	"	"	6	"
1	"	"	5	"
5	companies	"	4	" each
4	"	"	3	"
19	"	"	2	"
67	"	"	1	film

This tendency to disastrous decentralization is confirmed by the movement of capital in the moving-picture industry. In 1933, 228 new companies were formed with a total capital investment of 70 million francs, whereas

58 companies with a capital of 23 million francs ended their business careers in liquidation or bankruptcy. In 1934, 202 new companies, representing a capital investment of 20 million francs, were formed, and 80 companies, involving a loss of 30 million francs, failed. The average investment in each company that was either established or liquidated was between 200,000 and 300,000 francs.

III

Thus the French moving-picture market is at present dominated by a multitude of ephemeral companies with a strictly limited objective—the production of one film, or at most two. But the lack of capital hampers them at the very outset, and the newly established firms must have recourse to the expensive credit of the tradesmen from whom they buy, or rent, their supplies.

But, in reality, the cinema's credit is dead; the cinema lives in anticipation of receipts. In order to realize a profit the producers have resorted to a method of financing that is as dangerous as it is immoral—drafts drawn by the distributors on the promoters and discounted by the producers often before the film has even been begun. This system, which kills sound production, facilitates every kind of trickery and deception. The interest required on all capital for cinematographic operations is between 15 and 25 per cent. Naturally, no important bank is willing to take this chance.

The difficulty of obtaining credit, which is at the present time the most serious obstacle in the cinema's path, proves not only the existence of regrettable financial expedients but also

the prevalence of abnormal conditions in the functioning of the industry. It is only in so far as these conditions are corrected that the French cinema can emerge from this crisis.

The principal difficulty that the French film must face is the narrowness of its market. A long film costs 1,800,000 francs, and it takes 8,000,000 francs in box-office receipts to cover expenses. The English-speaking world, with its 225 million inhabitants and its 30,000 halls equipped to show talking pictures, can easily recover such sums. But this does not hold true for French-language films, which are addressed to a population only one-third as large—75 million inhabitants—and which have at their disposal only one-sixth as many fully equipped halls—5,000.

Our export trade, moreover, is extremely unfavorable. We have picked the following statistics at random: Italy buys 27 French, 169 American, 52 German, and 16 miscellaneous films; Germany buys 6 French films out of 82 imported films; the United States buys 7 French, 59 German, 33 English, and 32 miscellaneous films; Japan buys 7 French, 258 American, and 20 German films; Holland buys 45 French, 242 American, and 89 German films; Austria buys 13 French, 110 American, 129 German, and 13 English films.

Because it can make expenses in its own linguistic territory, the Anglo-Saxon film already shows a profit when it arrives on our market. In most cases the American or English picture meets with particularly favorable conditions in France, where the affiliates of the American companies can show it without putting up any money and where it has numerous well-equipped

halls reserved exclusively for English-speaking films.

Normal customs bars have been ineffective against this particular kind of dumping, especially as the spirit in which customs restrictions have been applied and which reflects the regrettable conflict between the French producers and promoters has deprived the tariff of all its power. The quota applies only to the countries that discriminate against French films and to films that are made in two languages. The import duties, which are 20 per cent of the value, may appear high, but they are applied according to a ready-reckoner that makes no distinctions in the nature of the films and their real value. The estimated value is 25 francs a metre for negatives and 5 francs for positives. This protection is all the more illusory since importers practise fraud in order to benefit by lower tariffs. Instead of editing two-language films in negatives, they produce them in 'duplicating' positives with the talking strips printed on the outer edges of the film.

And this brings us to a second conclusion—the insufficient protection afforded the home market. Our production is heavily mortgaged and pays large revenues to monopolies. People have been denouncing the studio monopoly for a long time. But in these hard times the companies that own the forty available locales have felt the law of competition and have been forced to reduce their price. On the other hand, we are dependent on foreign countries for raw materials, films, and sound-recording apparatus. For all practical purposes the total length of all negative films—13,162,546 metres in 1934—was imported, and two-thirds of the positives are

manufactured in France by American companies. Thanks to professional agreements these companies enjoy special privileges on our market, and this inevitably leads to a considerable increase in the price. Negative film, which costs 1.95 francs in New York, 2.15 francs in London, 2.05 in Berlin, and 2.10 francs in Rome, sells in Paris for 2.50 francs (Agfa) and 2.75 francs (Kodak). The result is that a French film 20,000 metres long costs from 50 to 55,000 francs in Paris, as against 39,000 francs in New York.

The same situation prevails with regard to sound-recording machinery. Here there is an absolute monopoly, protected both by the technical quality of the apparatus, the patent system, and a perfect commercial organization. The result is that the French film industry must submit to fantastic costs—16 francs per metre of film, three times our tariff rate. Bear in mind what we have already indicated,—an interest rate of 25 per cent, the necessity of having recourse to the promoter's often usurious credit,—and you will have an exact and tragic picture of the French cinema industry.

IV

How can we remedy this situation? Let us say at the very outset that we must give up the idea of partial solutions and resort to a totalitarian policy to save the French cinema. In this domain, as in so many others, government inadequacy is absolute. When nine Ministers quarrel over moving-picture posts, there is neither unity of action nor money. Our country has at its disposal two and a half million francs a year to insure the proper functioning of educational and propaganda

movies. And, paradoxically enough, more than half the credit comes from various departments in the Ministry of National Defense. When it is a question of elaborating a plan to revise the film industry, the timid efforts of the Ministry of Art come in conflict with the mercantile preoccupations of commerce. Moreover, the Ministry is content with halfway solutions, such as reducing the taxes on moving-picture halls, which do not appear to be suffering so very much from the crisis. That is why, on Mr. Malvy's initiative, the Finance Commission tackled the problem three years ago. The Commission was to study the possibility of establishing a National Film Centre, but this ambitious program had to be abandoned for financial reasons. The Finance Commission was convinced, however, that every private attempt would be futile if it were not part of a general project to improve and increase the activity of the national moving-picture industry. A project of this kind should tend to do three things: restore credit to the film industry, normalize the conditions of production, distribution, and promotion, and protect and develop the market for French films.

The National Cinema Foundation, a semi-private company of the same character as the 'Air-France' com-

pany, would tend to answer their demands. The National Foundation, if created, would constitute an organization for the purpose of rationalization and credit extension, and it would enjoy the privilege of importing and distributing foreign films. The money derived from this latter pursuit would be used to cover the bonds and obligations issued to finance the cinema's credit. Any profit would be turned over to a special account for the encouragement and development of the industry.

The National Foundation is a powerfully constituted whole, which would enable us to attain the various objectives that we propose. The Cinema Commission of the Chamber of Deputies has decided in its favor and has handed the matter over to an investigating committee. The Government will make the final decision: will its belated liberalism make it condemn a solution that may seem somewhat heterodox? But let the Government understand once and for all—it is not a question of refloating an industry; it is a matter of controlling one of the most subtle means of influencing human thought. Let the Government act. If it rejects our project, let it offer something else in its stead. For it is French culture itself that is at stake.

The Negus, with his anti-Italian prejudice. . . .—Mr. J. L. Garvin in the *Observer*, London.

Here are two articles showing how the remote corners of the world are being industrialized. The first, by a Russian, describes Altai; the second, by an Italian, tells of the new Persia.

MEN *and* Machines

IN ASIA

I. IN SOUTHERN ALTAI

By EL-REGISTAN

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Official Government Daily

IT WAS with deep emotion that we looked at the traces left by the Bronze Age man. Here he walked, following the quartz deposits, and there he stopped and hit the ground with his bronze hammer. But the metal ore in the earth proved stronger than bronze, and the primitive man took a stone hatchet in his hand. With it he chiseled out quartz, patiently and doggedly. The ore deposits lay close to the surface, and the Bronze Age man took the richest layer. Here, in the foothills, he smelted gold, copper, and zinc in homemade ovens and fashioned hatchets, spearheads, and baubles for his

women, the companions of his stark existence.

He left his traces, the Bronze Age man, on the hills that go down, in a kind of torn chain, toward the frontier of Mongolia and China. Like embroideries in Japanese silk, these mountains tie knots in Altai, and we call these knots the Kalbinski, Narimski, the Kondagataiski, and the Tarbagatai peaks. Through them the great Irtysh River cuts its course to the Siberian plains. We stood at the top of Plach Mountain, the very name of which makes the peasant far and wide spit in disgust. Like a cruel snake, the

dangerous road that had crippled many a horse and carriage wound its way down the steep incline of the hills.

Below, the great spaces of Eastern Kazakhstan spread out along the banks of the Irtysh. The earth smelled of summer, the rich, fertile, wheat-bearing earth. During the time of Tsar Alexei Mikhailovich (1629-1676) the Raskolniki, clinging to their old faith and cursing the Œcumenical Council, came hither into the virgin forests and prairies of Altai, where they lived a wild life full of cruel privations. They wove their own clothes out of coarse wool, and they raised the noble deer. In the course of time they actually forgot human speech, so that in the kolkhoz settlements we listened in amazement to such words as these:—

‘Brigadier, whom shall we prepare to-day; whom shall we have for dinner, cook?’ These sturdy, bearded men were not cannibals at all; they were peaceful tillers of the soil, who had joined together in a kolkhoz, to which they brought the remnants of former superstitions and a distorted, ungrammatical kind of speech.

II

Three years ago the new secretary of the District Party Committee, Piotr Grigorievich Bogdanov, came to this most remote section of Southern Altai—Katton-Karagai. He brought with him from Leningrad an excellent map, on which a good half of Katton-Karagai was labeled with this significant phrase: ‘Inaccessible Area.’ Riding through this district, Piotr Grigorievich followed wild trails into these high altitudes and came to the conclusion that the most amazing lack of civilization and the deepest igno-

rance reigned in these settlements, where people did not know the meaning of a stable and a cowshed. The cattle grazed in the open the year round and sought shelter in the forest thicket. These old men sincerely believed that this same condition prevailed the world over and that cattle would stifle, grow ill, and eventually die in any kind of closed establishment.

When Piotr Grigorievich went away, he remembered the mountain trails well. He reappeared again at the head of a squadron of workers, who cut a path through the woods and built a road. And, finally, the day dawned when the secretary of the Party Committee rode through the mountain range of Tarbagatai and appeared in the villages behind the wheel of a light automobile. People ran in all directions, cursing the apparition and seeking shelter in the ancient forest. The sound of hatchets resounded through the mountains: the old men were building coffins smelling of pine-wood, for the Gospel said that one day a horse pulling the Devil’s cart would make its appearance, and that day would see the end of the world. The Devil’s cart had appeared. In it the Party Secretary had ridden through the forgotten villages, and the old men were preparing to meet their death in a suitable manner.

The first man to make himself a coffin in Fikalka was old Arkhip Konoplev. The coffin was a long one, long enough to house the powerful body of the ninety-year-old man. But a year later Arkhip sat down at the wheel of the secretary’s car and, pressing down on the starter, shot the gas into the motor. And twelve months later still, that is to say, last fall, the

kolkhoz settlements in Iasovaia, Korbikha, and Fikalka acquired their own trucks, which they bought with the collective's funds.

In competition with the animal trails, the roads ran along the mountain ridge. And in these mountains were hidden hills of pure crystal and deposits of zinc, lead, and tin that have only now been discovered. The hunters who have guarded the secret of these mineral deposits for centuries melted down the metals in ordinary frying-pans in order to make ammunition for their muzzle-loading guns. The fathers and sons of the hunters and trailers found these deposits by following the footprints that the tribe of Chude had left.

For centuries these people had never let the hatchet out of their hand and had developed almost unbelievable skill in its use. Along the road, posts connected by wires appeared, and the telephone was heard in the villages. When summer came to Katton-Karagai, there was not a single brigade that did not have telephone connection with the kolkhoz executive and with the District Committee.

It is extraordinary what one restless man can bring about!

At the very frontier between Mongolia and China, where the Stalin, Voroshilov, Stepan Razin, and other kolkhozes are located, electric stations appeared. The coffins were thrown out of the huts to be chopped into wood. It was rather uncomfortable to have coffins in a hut lighted by electricity! The past retreated under the repeated blows of the new life, which tore its way into this forgotten country, to the tune of 200 automobiles, 400 tractors, and 75 combines. And this, mind you, in the Southern Altai group alone!

They started a bridge across the wild Uba River and laid the rails of the new railway, which, passing Ust-Kamenogorsk, connects the great Siberian plains with the gold, silver, zinc, and lead deposits of Ridder and Zirianovsk. The construction materials, which had been collected on the banks of the Uba River, were waiting to be transported to the other side. Derricks from the Sormovski factory, which had been sent on trial into far-off Altai on barges traveling north from Semipalatinsk along the Irtysh River, raised their hungry arms into the air. Eleven thousand men, chosen by East Kazakhstan for shock-brigade work, built the trunk line into the heart of the Altai Mountains. Former hunters' settlements made social-competition contracts among themselves to divide the honor of digging up hundreds of thousands of kilometres of earth for the main line, so that when the Soviet Union celebrates the eighteenth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution on November 7, 1935, a locomotive will send its shrill whistle along the mountains of Southern Altai.

In Ridder the people were preparing for the autumn and estimating the production capacity of all three zinc-smelting ovens. And the director of the combine, with his assistant, remembering the condition of the waterways, tore his hair. The river was supposed to carry 18,500 tons of zinc concentrates from the banks of Altai. The river was supposed to bring 20,000 tons of coal and 19,000 tons of coke and pig iron. All this was to happen by October 20, before the closing of all navigation along the Irtysh.

The people's hopes were based entirely upon Kudriavtsev's word; but Kudriavtsev merely stroked his beard

and promised the secretary of the District Committee that the first locomotive whistle would be heard in Ust-Kamenogorsk on the fifteenth anniversary of the Kazak Republic. 'Let's hear your whistle, let's hear it quickly,' the secretary of the Party Committee said, as we jumped into the car.

III

Looking at this country, one is amazed at its tremendous possibilities. In the lowlands there are marvelous fields of wheat and oats, and excellent pasturage for intensive cattle-raising. In the forests there are thousands of bee-gardens and kolkhozes that raise Siberian stags. There, too, is the kingdom of the bears, the squirrels, and the wild animals, who lead a nomadic life and in their wanderings follow the cedar-cone harvest that takes place once every three years. And, in the mountains, the traces left by the primitive men belonging to the tribe of Chude . . .

They knew the secrets of geology, these men of the Chude tribe, when the word geology did not yet exist. And, following the traces of this tribe, which lived during the Bronze Age, the explorers of Southern Altai wander about the mountains in search of ancient mineral deposits. This country has remained almost entirely inaccessible for thousands of years. Geologists search for granite hatchets, bronze hammers, and spearheads. Geological explorers know that where they find the traces left by the man of the Bronze Age they will also discover gold, silver, tin, lead, and copper.

Go out into the street of the small district settlement of Zirianovsk on some non-working day, walk in the

direction of the tiny stream of Bere-zovska, and you will see more than a hundred of the local folk. They are standing knee-deep in water, rhythmically shaking basins. They are washing the gold, devoting their leisure hours to this task. Take your car and ferry across the Irtish River at Ust-Kamenogorsk. Drive over the hills toward Urunkhai, toward Kirk-Chukur, or toward Karagain. You will hear the sharp sound of steam hammers digging into the earth in those very places where heaped-up piles of quartz show the handiwork of the Bronze Age. And you will notice on the far-off mounds along the Kalbin ridge the white tents of the geologists, for they have already found twenty-six tin-mines, and they have formed the Kalbolovo trust.

Climb Plach Mountain along that deadly winding road and look at the magnificent view spread out before you. Over there, beyond the snow-capped mountains, at an altitude of 2,000 metres, the Bolsheviks are building a dam along the mad river Malaia Ulba. The gigantic dam, which is 375 metres long and as deep as a twenty-story skyscraper, looks like some ancient fortress. Here water will be collected artificially and will supply the hydraulic plant that is to serve the Ridder combine.

Climb Plach Mountain and gaze upon the wide sweep of Kazak hills and valleys. Here you have, before you, the outline of tremendous future works, carefully drawn from the heights of Altai. One corner of a grandiose square is here; the three other corners are Karaganda with its tremendous coal mines, Djeskazgan with the wealthiest ore deposits in the world, and Balkhash, the copper giant.

You are standing on one corner of a magnificent square. At your feet will be the biggest hydraulic station on the Irtysh River. Magic electrical energy will pierce the mountain tops with a high-voltage current—and will upturn the subterranean wealth of Southern Altai.

II. MODERN IRAN

By CURIO MORTARI

Translated from the *Stampa*, Turin Fascist Daily

IT WOULD be doing modern Iran a grave injustice not to speak of its industrial experiments. In contrast to what is occurring in other countries, industrialization can have a future in Iran for the very reason that it has an important present—an unexplored foundation in the large quantities of raw materials which that vast country still harbors in a virgin state beneath its soil. But almost everything has still to be accomplished.

Until the advent of Riza Shah, Iran was still the old Persia, a country of a colonial, or rather semi-colonial, character. Now, as Léon Limon observes in a study of Iran published in *Europe*, Paris literary and political monthly, all colonial countries are essentially commercial in character. The word 'commercial' implies the binomial 'import-export,' with an obvious preponderance of imports.

Old Persia was, then, a vast field for penetration and for exploitation, open to all the currents, discernible and clandestine, of world commerce, with vast and growing margins for speculation. To this field came firms and organizations from every country, sinking their tentacles into the land and tenaciously holding on until they had taken root. Some of them were like great parasites, clinging to the skin of Persia and searching avidly for

the veins beneath. That great foreign field between the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf—one of the few areas of the world still both rich and open to exploitation—was explored by 'experts' and adventurers from every part of the world, men who were hatching schemes, great and small, honest and shady.

Even without counting the large-scale foreign exploitation of oil and hides, the two most desirable resources of the country, Persia has lent herself to all sorts of commerce and all kinds of speculation. She has constituted one of the most important sources of profit for the rapacious magnates of world trade, though little enough is said or written about things Persian. (But when have the great international speculators ever stimulated the attention of the public to the arguments that might attract competition and injure their interests? It is perhaps for this reason that they detest so cordially the writers and the journals that do not confine themselves to petty gossip.) Thus, on the quiet, enormous interests grew up in Persia; and all sorts of people came and went, traded and profited—magnificently, of course.

But all that was before Riza Khan Pahlevi, become Riza Shah of Persia, led a movement to restore the inde-

pendence that the epoch of adventure and grabbing seemed on the point of eclipsing. The sovereign instituted the quota system: *do ut des*. For the foreign trade groups, this was a dark hour indeed. But, putting a good face on a bad joke, they sought in every way to maintain their former profit margins by legal means. Behold Russians and Japanese locked in combat, like crabs, for the cotton market. The Germans, who had already sold to Persia large quantities of mechanical equipment and the enormous locomotives of the future Trans-Iranian Railroad, although continuing to export machines, will—as one of our technicians picturesquely puts it—now buy even cherry pits! The Swedes, besides exploiting the railroad company, continue to ‘lubricate’ desperately two ‘import-export’ companies, and, in order to sell cement and miners’ lamps, accept even dry fruit in payment.

II

As Iran gradually frees herself of her foreign trappings, the problem of industrialization becomes insistent; and, within certain limits, it is only industrialization that can assure a country’s economic independence and reduce the unfavorable trade balance. This industrialization seems the more necessary because the needs of the population, which grows steadily more modern, are increasing. For this reason Iran is suffering from an undersupply of almost everything.

‘In addition to the gigantic production of petroleum,’ the partisans of industry say, ‘the country possesses a rich supply of raw materials—coal, iron, copper, gold, silver, lead, salt, etc. Why cannot this material give

rise to a substantial Iranian industry? We need to pass from the era of the eaten to that of the eater!’

‘But to exploit these raw materials,’ the opponents of industry object, ‘is not “rational,” least of all when considered from the profit angle. Especially in this period of overproduction.’

To these objections the reply is made, ‘Iran can nevertheless begin to make its own economy independent as regards the consumption of immediate needs. The rise of a Persian basic-products industry is facilitated by the low cost of labor, which, though still untrained to the new industrial tasks, is everywhere abundant and readily adaptable to changes in work.’

But the issue is already beginning to pass out of the realm of discussion into that of reality. A completely modern cement factory thrusts its chimneys skyward just outside Teheran. Cement is a most precious raw material in a growing country that wants buildings, bridges, streets . . . and the industry of public works.

Likewise, sugar factories are rising at Shiraz, in the extreme south, and at Tabriz, in the extreme north, of Iran. Silk factories are being considered for other areas, as well as factories for wool, crystal, and glass.

In the always feverish bustle of the capital, consumption is speeding up steadily. Iran is a country in which money flows freely. One lives, one gets about, and hence, in the torrid rhythm of business, one drinks. Soda and beer are very expensive because they are imported. So, behold, national factories for beer and soda, which will ease the price of the imports. The mineral-water springs of Abgah and the Caspian area will soon be exploited. The shore of the Caspian

Sea is the home of caviar, of the most sought-after and fabulously high-priced caviar in Europe, America, and all the countries of the so-called 'old civilization.' The whole coast of Mazandaran and of Persian Gilan on the Caspian Sea has caviar to throw away. And behold arising at Mesced-Hissar and elsewhere the industry of the black eggs of the sturgeon.

Still another voluptuary industry is growing up in Persia, that of cigarettes. Like all the countries of the Orient, Iran is rich in mild, fragrant, light tobacco, of which cigarettes of all flavors and brands are made. Because there is no tobacco monopoly, everyone has the right to make cigarettes. It is the industry of smoke, of the blue smoke that makes up for so much . . .

Nor will Persian industrial activity stop here. Projects are constantly being studied. Persian experts go to other countries to observe, increase their knowledge, learn. In April and May an economic commission, sent to Soviet Russia by the Persian Government, visited numerous factories—

blast-furnaces, electrical laboratories, cotton mills. The example of a country at high industrial tension, like Russia to-day, will not fail to have its effects, be they good or bad. But it is certain that the spirit of the Persian people—more subtle, more critical, more selective than that of the Russians, especially in a régime of spiritual chaos—will know how to distinguish the good where they find it and will draw unquestionably useful lessons for the future. Teheran is becoming a great lighted hearth, whose reflections already irradiate the barbarous and mysterious areas of Central Asia.

One thing is certain: a new civilization is on the march in the land of the Thousand and One Nights. And Italy, which looks so passionately and disinterestedly on the unfoldings of new civilizations, cannot do otherwise than follow with ever-growing interest the rise of this great country; so much the more so because Persia in her turn is watching with evident sympathy the rise of the new Italy, under the impulse of Il Duce's political genius.

Italy and Her Friends

Italy has never entertained aggressive intentions against the Government of Addis Ababa.—*Corriere della Sera*, Milan.

All sound-thinking Britons will wish Italy well in the great enterprise to which she has set her hand. The day that Mussolini establishes Italian authority over the ancient but barbaric land of Ethiopia will complete the beneficial progress by which Europe has brought law, order, and public health to a continent which less than a century ago was plunged in primitive misery.—Lord Rothermere in the *Daily Mail*, London.

But for us to threaten Italy in defense of a primitive African State whose election to the League we vigorously opposed, and whose citizens could not even get into an English golf club, would be the most fatal blunder ever committed by a British Government.—G. Ward Price in the *Daily Mail*, London.

A Japanese describes his country's gardens and reflects on the elements which constitute their peculiar charm.

The Gardens of JAPAN

By SETSUO UENODA

From the *Trans-Pacific*
Tokyo English-language Weekly

WHEN a foreigner uses the word 'fantastic' in reference to an idea, design, or shape that he observes in Japan, he usually utters it merely from the impression he receives. He hardly ever goes to the trouble of analyzing what makes this fantastic impression on his senses. The same is true when he uses such words as 'picturesque,' 'quaint,' 'delicate,' 'weird,' 'fascinating,' 'grotesque,' and 'charming.' These words have been written and spoken quite frequently by foreign tourists who have visited this country from an interest in Japanese culture, and they have been uttered apparently with little thought for the contributing factors that make up such impressions.

An intelligent understanding and appreciation of Japanese art objects, however, cannot be had unless the observer has a proper insight into the various elements that inspire feelings of delicacy or fascination in him, as the case may be. It is, indeed, a dif-

ficult task to detect attributes of a particular artistic effect in a Japanese work of art and define or classify them. There are, for instance, such expressions as *sabi*, *wabi*, *shibumi*, *suki*, and *gachi*, which constitute a sort of jargon of Japanese æstheticism. The difference of meaning between them is the difference in the shades of æsthetic appeal.

Let us take the last two words for consideration. *Suki* may mean artistic oddity, and *gachi* artistic tastefulness. I almost have a mind to use the word 'poetic' instead of 'artistic' in qualifying them. I brooded over the words for some time in an effort to find out what creates *suki* and *gachi* effects and finally arrived at the conclusion that there are a number of causes but that they are indefinable and indescribable in broad terms.

Perhaps something of their meaning can be indicated by recounting the experience of a certain American lady in Tokyo. She was invited to a garden

party by a wealthy Japanese family. The function was delightful, and everything she saw was different from anything she had ever seen before. The atmosphere itself was charged with a new message, convincing her for the first time that she was really in Japan. She followed the host, walking on the large stones with no particular thought than that the stones were laid out in rather a disorderly manner for a path. As she stepped from stone to stone, she passed by a large tree and observed that it was almost dead, with its ancient trunk decaying and partly covered with moss, outstretching its few emaciated, crooked branches in a weird fashion as a sign of life. As she was led to the pond by the stone walk, she observed that the water was very deep. She was unable to see how large the pond was, however, because it was irregular in shape and partly overshadowed by the large trees of a grove, stretching their arms out over the water.

She walked in the garden for some time lost in thought, until at last she came upon an elevated point from which she commanded a view of the entire garden. As she stood there long and silently, musing on the scene before her, she realized that there was an unutterable harmony in it. It was a kind of harmony that she never had witnessed before in her life. She was not fully awakened to the beauty of Oriental harmony, but the scene before her was altogether reposeful and soothing. It was a revelation to her that one of the outstanding features of the garden which so charmed and delighted her was the apparent disorder, irregularity, and imperfection of the stones and trees and the manner in which they, and everything else in

the garden, were distributed—in striking contrast to the orderliness, regularity, and symmetry of a western garden.

II

Nothing, perhaps, so eloquently bespeaks the Japanese love of artistic disorder as the manner in which stones are laid out in a genuine Japanese garden, such as one attached to a room for the tea ceremony. To an untrained eye, these stones may appear to have been laid out one after another at random as they were brought in by the motor trucks, but the artistic disorder in which they are distributed will not fail to have an instant appeal to a critic of Japanese culture.

Suppose that there are twenty large stones to be installed in a Japanese garden under construction, each weighing from five hundred to six hundred pounds. They are all to be imbedded in the ground as stepping-stones leading to the entrance of the tearoom. The *chajin*, or tea-man, as a person much given to the practice of tea-cult is called, consults the chief gardener and has the stones distributed in the way he imagines to be most appealing to his æsthetic taste. He selects the surfaces of the stones to be shown above the ground and visualizes how each pair of stones will appear when they are laid out side by side in a certain way. It requires three or four helpers to carry around each stone and place it in the way the chief gardener wishes.

When they are all imbedded in the ground, the master of the house may look at them from a distance and find that there is something offensive to his artistic sense in the manner in which certain stones are placed. Several

stones have to be dug out and shifted in one way or the other or changed around in an effort to achieve a better artistic execution in the construction of the stone walk. It may be that this shuffling of heavy stones has to be done several times before the stone walk is fully completed to suit the fastidious æsthetic taste of the master.

The stone for the Japanese garden is valued for its quality, color, and shape. Here artistic disorder is inevitably coupled with artistic irregularity: The stone must be artistically irregular. Look at the manifold irregularities with which the surfaces of the stones for the walk are characterized. They are all different in shape and size. They have been shaped out and polished by the hands of nature through centuries.

The love of imperfection is said by some *chajin* to have the virtue of encouraging a longing for perfection. The idea is a poor apology born of the present-day mental habit of justifying everything on a practical moral ground. There is a tea bowl which is called *Amamori*, or 'Rain-Leak,' having acquired the name from a stained effect in the glaze, which appears like an ancient wall discolored by rain. This effect might have been wrought in the course of eight centuries of its existence, or possibly it is in the make. The bowl is redolent with the atmosphere of *wabi* because of the stained effect. The atmosphere is heightened by two cracks on one side of the bowl, running from the edge toward the bottom. If the stained effect and the cracks were wrought unintentionally and the owner of the bowl cherishes the ware all the more for their effect, let us call it a love of artistic imperfection without any gratuitous moralizing about it.

Artistic imperfection in association with artistic irregularity often produces a fine effect. Here is a remarkable combination of the two, achieved in the form of a *bonsai*, or potted plant, fashioned in a receptacle made out of the rotted stump of a tree.

I bought a large persimmon early in the spring about ten years ago and had it planted in my garden. It is difficult for a tree of that size to take root after it is transplanted. When the gardener saw signs that it might die, he trimmed most of its branches to save it. The following year it was still living, but he cut down the tree at a point about two feet from the ground in the hope that a new shoot might spring up from its root. The tree, however, finally died, and the crooked stump, which remained on the spot until last spring, finally rotted away.

The stump looked grotesque with one end worm-eaten and tapering in an irregular way. One day the gardener picked it up and contemplated it for some moments. A bright idea dawned upon him, and he began to work on it with a chisel and hammer. After about one hour of labor, he made a marvelous *bonsai*, with a pretty shrub planted in the hole he had made in the stump. The sight of the *bonsai* as it hangs from the ceiling of my study by a chain, with one of its branches reaching down below its container toward the ground, has an unutterable appeal to the Japanese temperament. It is the cry of artistic irregularity and imperfection in the *bonsai* that inspires the admiration of my friends for the genius of the gardener.

A tree trunk split by lightning ages ago, standing at a perilous angle with a branch or two of green leaves as a

sign of life, is often seen represented in a *bonsai* to afford a breath of the atmosphere of the wilderness. Garden benches and tables are sometimes made out of slabs and branches of trees in their natural state to satisfy the craving for artistic irregularity and imperfection.

Now let us go back to the meaning of *suki*, or artistic oddity, and *gachi* referred to above. The essential trait that makes for the effect of *suki* is artistic imperfection, or at least it owes much to this æsthetic quality. It is seen also that artistic irregularity is a dominant feature, perhaps, in making the effect of *gachi*. It must be remembered, however, that artistic disorder, irregularity, and imperfection are intermixed and interdependent to such an extent that neither *suki* nor *gachi* can be ascribed exclusively to one or the other of these æsthetic qualities.

A Westerner may say that it is impossible for him to appreciate such an artistic taste with intelligent understanding. He will surely admit, however, that he prefers to have chairs, table, piano, and various ornaments in his parlor distributed in a tasteful manner instead of having them side by side or face to face or in parallel lines with regularity and orderliness against the walls or in the centre of the room. And he will also admit that chairs now are usually irregular in their size, shape, and height. The Western people in some instances express their love of artistic irregularity and disorder in their own way. The difference is that the Japanese people in their emotional life have it in a much higher degree.

The Japanese people are lovers of nature. They have been brought up in the bosom of nature and learned to know her way of life, always watching

her in their island environment. They have learned with the heart of a poet and not with the mind of a botanist. They have watched the manner in which maple trees spread their branches and leaves, enchanting them with different tints in the spring, summer, and autumn. They know by heart the mysterious way in which the ivy creeps. Their sensibility in appreciation of the ways of nature is the ancient heritage of the race. It is always alive in their hearts.

They lay out a garden, conjuring up a memory of stones in rapids and ravines, their shapes and colors and the manner in which they were distributed by the hands of nature. The graceful fluidity of lines in a *ukiyo-e*, or woodblock print, by an old master of the Yedo period were inspired by a thought and a memory, perhaps, of the way in which wood vines trail and entwine or mountains come down to meet the valleys below.

What the Japanese people conceive as delicate, graceful, or beautiful is a reflection of the way of nature. They have an intimate knowledge of the peculiar way in which natural phenomena thrive or perish. They have learned to love them and to reproduce them in their household precinct, consciously or unconsciously, from the memory they have inherited from their forefathers. The artistic irregularity, imperfection, and disorder in the Japanese garden is a reflection of their ancient memory of nature's way in its thriving and perishing. These characteristics constitute an anthology on nature, which has been wafted to the household environment from the distant mountains, wildernesses, and woodlands of Japan.

BOOKS ABROAD

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LA POPULATION DANS LE MONDE. By
Gaston Bouthoul. Paris: Payot. 1935.

(Edmond Delage in the *Temps*, Paris)

POPULATION questions are becoming more and more important. For many years these problems were the exclusive property of a few initiates, but to-day they are a subject of current discussion. Economic difficulties, unemployment, international competition, in which the argument of numbers occurs so frequently, and the menace of armed conflicts have brought the population question to the fore. It is therefore particularly timely to elucidate scientifically a certain number of ideas and opinions on population trends, their causes and effects. For the past twenty years numerous works and several large congresses have been devoted to this subject, and recently another congress took place in Berlin. The time has come to synthesize all these works; and it is precisely this task that M. Gaston Bouthoul, professor at the École des Hautes Études Sociales, has approached in his excellent, and fully documented, work, *Population in the World*, a book which makes interesting and easy reading.

One of the most pressing questions that the author has most happily explained is the question of the demographic causes and effects of war. Since the Middle Ages the history of the French population has been marked by a series of oscillations, each one lasting about a century. At the beginning of the last century a new factor appeared. Until then it had

generally been believed that wars were followed immediately by an increase in the birth rate. It seemed as though nature were trying to refill the ranks decimated by human conflicts. The first exception to this rule appeared after the Napoleonic Wars. When, during the first years of the Revolution, the civil state was created, statistics showed a regular increase in the birth rate. But in 1805, when the Empire was at the peak of its glory, the birth rate in France dropped for the first time. The movement begun that year continued regularly and irresistibly even after the peace treaty. The year 1805 thus became the turning point, the peak of the curve of the French birth rate.

This phenomenon, which may seem exceptional and limited to France alone, occurred on an even larger scale in other countries after the World War. Following the Franco-Prussian War, the German birth rate continued to increase for a period of twenty years. But after 1918, the Reich suffered a rapid drop in its birth rate—from 25.9 per cent in 1920 to 17.5 per cent in 1930. The last two years show a considerable rise, but we have no reason to believe that this will be more than temporary.

A falling birth rate characterizes the majority of the other countries that took part in the War, with the exception of Russia. And, curiously enough, the same has held true for the past century in countries that have kept aloof from all conflicts. In Sweden, for instance, the graphs representing natality and mortality from the be-

ginning of the nineteenth century until our time are about the same as the French, the German, or the English.

On the basis of these facts, M. Bouthoul asks whether one can establish a relationship between population movements and armed conflicts. To-day we have become accustomed to speak of population increase as a cause of disequilibrium engendering war. Malthusian propaganda has put this idea to good use: 'To increase the population is to prepare for war.' In certain circles this aphorism has become commonplace. In reality, when dealing with the question of population, the commonplace abounds, and it is surprising to see to what degree enlightened opinion is content with half-way solutions in this serious matter and how many theories have no foundation except vague metaphors. After a profound study of this question, M. Bouthoul explodes the Malthusian theory. In reality, there is no inevitable connection between density of population and the belligerent character of the State. The Chinese, whose dense population is a fact of common knowledge, are the most peaceful people in the world, whereas among the most belligerent groups we must place the American Indian tribes, who lived in small numbers and had at their disposal immense stretches of fertile land.

It is equally difficult to say that a country is really overpopulated to a point where it can find no other solution but war, for, in our time, technical progress, both agricultural and industrial, has made production extremely elastic. We have seen how Italian Fascism succeeded in winning 'the battle of wheat.'

It is undeniable that to-day all civilized countries are in the grip of economic difficulties. But these difficulties are not generally the result of poverty but of overabundance. Even if we consider the problem of unemployment, M. Bouthoul says, how can we speak of overpopulation? For example, when the depression hit the United States, the country was overwhelmed with unemployed men and women within a few weeks. Should we then say that the country became overpopulated overnight? And who to-day believes that the problems of unemployment and markets can be solved by systematic depopulation? It is far more a question of adapting one's self to the prodigious efficiency of mechanized human labor.

It is especially since the nineteenth century that the idea of population has become connected with the idea of expansion and war. Three facts have led to this conclusion: first, the use of statistics, for until then people had only the vaguest idea of the population of each state; second, the principle of nationalities; and third, the institution of conscription, which transforms all men into soldiers, and the mass strategy used by the generals of the Revolution and the Napoleonic Empire, so different from the older method of warfare, which relied upon professional armies of a few well-trained men. Let us add to this the birth of a vindictive mentality among all peoples. Each nation believes itself to be insufficiently endowed with territories, wealth, markets, etc. Every country has a tendency to believe itself the chosen people. The seemingly innocent science of statistics tends to become a war machine. Population theories make up one of the favorite

arguments of those who yearn for their neighbor's property, and of those who believe in 'preventive' aggression.

Almost all people believe that changes in population create a kind of pressure that inevitably brings disequilibrium. This belief leads the more numerous to take arms, for they believe that they must inevitably launch an attack against their neighbors; and it also forces the less numerous to arm themselves, because they believe that they are destined to be the victims of an aggressor. Because of the distrust and panic that such an idea creates, it is the surest way to precipitate the nations into conflicts that each one believes to be the inevitable result of demographic fate. Seen in this light, nationalism on the basis of population leads one to look upon the most innocent human beings as economic rivals, who are necessarily taking the place of a present or future compatriot. On the other hand, the enormous efficiency of modern births (that is to say, the extraordinary decrease in infant mortality compared to previous centuries) and the lengthening of the average life span have given an unexpected dynamic drive to all nations. Whereas in former times it was difficult to maintain the equilibrium of a population even with a very high birth rate, to-day one can observe considerable increases in populations where the birth rate is much reduced. France, which participated least of any nation in the great demographic exuberance of the last century, increased her population far more in the nineteenth century, with a birth rate of approximately 23 per cent, than in the eighteenth century, with a birth rate close to 40 per cent. We should note, however, that this increase in the population, which

amounted to less than a third during the nineteenth century, was nothing as compared to the increase that took place in other European nations, so that during the twentieth century the French demographic situation has shown a dangerous decline.

To-day almost every great nation feels itself capable of multiplying *ad infinitum*. It is a question only of controlling markets, of abolishing economic obstacles and competitors. One of the most curious and disquieting aspects of present-day Europe is the fact that we now see certain countries organizing a kind of demographic inflation with a view to future expansion. Politics of this kind run the risk of leading to wars of extermination such as man has not known since the Oriental wars of centuries past. The hecatombs of the victims who fell in the last War marked a first step toward this new aspect of armed conflicts. The present prospect of economic and biological war, the disturbance that aerial and submarine arms will bring to the most vital functions of society, give a charming idea of the eminently demographic form that future conflicts may assume.

DOWN THE YEARS. *By Sir Austen Chamberlain. London: Cassell. 1935.*

(Herbert Sidebotham in the *Sunday Times*, London)

IN THIS delightful volume of memories and essays Sir Austen Chamberlain regrets that he kept no diary. His book is all the better for it. It is shorter, because it is not bumped out by long quotations, which are irresistible when a diary is before you; it is, perhaps, less valuable as a contribution to history but more valuable as an index of character; and it is a better

work of art because everything in it has been sifted through a long experience and a personality that has gained in strength and attractiveness with passing years.

The book is not an autobiography, either in matter or in form. Rather is it a collection of essays on what has interested him in his life, either as spectator or as actor and shaper of events. As the son of the great Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Austen was born into politics, and bred and educated to them; and his political memories go back further than might be expected of his years.

He begins with his student years in Paris and a memorable year in Germany, where he made the acquaintance of the great Bismarck through the less important but more amiable Herbert. 'A nice boy, that young Chamberlain,' said Bismarck. 'Pity that he is such a poor drinker. When I was a young man, we used to fight and drink—why, we were drunk for days together. But the young men of to-day—ah, they'll never be the men we were.' Even Herbert was n't, for Sir Austen narrates with gusto that forty years later Herbert drank water when he lunched with him in London.

There is a chapter on his early memories of Parliament, and of the great Speaker Peel, and of Gladstone, whom the author rather marvels at than admires. His opinion that, on the whole, the present House of Parliament is superior to the old Parliaments and that the average of ability and knowledge is higher is worth noting. Mr. Lloyd George might not agree. At any rate, Sir Austen tells, in another part of his book, an amusing story of what Mr. Lloyd George said of the first post-war Coalition Parlia-

ment. When he first addressed it, he says that he found the Opposition benches dull and unresponsive, and he realized that they were a trade-union congress; and then he turned to his own supporters only to realize that they were the associated Chambers of Commerce.

We see the clouds of war gathering in another chapter, which gives long and intimate accounts of conversations with Metternich in 1908 and with Bebel and others three years later. The course of the War takes two more chapters, and Locarno and the Irish Treaty two more. These are the parts of the book that are fullest of political interest. There follow a series of character sketches of Stresemann, Briand, Morley, Balfour, and others, all of which show subtle, delicate appreciation and a catholic understanding even where he is dealing with views that he may not share.

WE GET in this book the first complete and accurate account that has yet appeared of the action of the Conservative leaders between August 1 and 5, 1914. It is given in the form of a memorandum by Sir Austen from day to day, compiled in diary form during the crisis, and it shows that he played a much more important part in the despatch of the famous letter than had been generally known. The story begins with a visit to Sir Austen by Lord Lloyd, who had had an interview with the French Ambassador and with Bonar Law and Lansdowne. Cambon had been almost hysterical at what he thought was our desertion of France. He had said:—

'It is true that you are under no written obligation, and there is not a scrap of paper. But there is more. All

our plans have been arranged in common. Our General Staffs have consulted. You have seen all our schemes and preparations. Look at our fleet. Our whole fleet is in the Mediterranean in consequence of our arrangements with you, and our coasts are open to the enemy. *Vous nous avez livré . . .* Honor! Does England know what honor is?

According to Lord Lloyd, neither Bonar Law nor Lansdowne seemed to understand the position. It was in consequence of what Lord Lloyd told him that Sir Austen went to Lansdowne House the next morning and made two short drafts of what should either be written to Asquith or said at an interview. Bonar Law did not care for the suggestion, and from Saturday to Monday they continued to hear disturbing accounts of dissensions in the Cabinet. Bonar Law declined an invitation of Churchill's to dine with him and F. E. Smith and Grey on the Sunday night lest he should seem to be intriguing with a section of the Opposition behind the Prime Minister's back.

It appeared, too, that when in conversation with Lord Balfour, Sir A. Nicolson, of the Foreign Office, had assumed as though it were a matter of course that we should go in on the side of France, Balfour had put the arguments against by way of balancing both sides, as he often would, and that what he said was being quoted as though it were his opinion. Balfour, failing to see Grey, had written correcting that error. Bonar Law thought that there was no necessity for them to do more; nor did Churchill himself see what could be done. But Sir Austen persisted, and suddenly, on Monday morning, Bonar Law changed his

mind and said, 'I'm not sure that, after all, Austen is not right,' and then and there the famous letter was drafted, thanks mainly to Sir Austen's persistence.

Another important political chapter is that on the Locarno Pact, which is, of course, Sir Austen's great achievement in politics. Except on the personal side, the chapter contains little that is new, but it is quite the clearest account that one has read of the circumstances that led up to the Treaty and the best argumentative vindication. Very noteworthy is the clear distinction drawn between our general responsibilities under the Covenant and our special interest in the peace of Western Europe. On the other hand, Sir Austen will not hear of any absolute separation between East and West in Europe:—

'If Germany wantonly attacks Poland in defiance of her pledges at Locarno and of her signature of the Kellogg Pact, no sane man will suggest that the action of France in going to the assistance of Poland is an unprovoked aggression such as alone brings our guarantee of the western frontiers into operation.'

The more interesting question of how far we should be bound to the support of France in such a case—or in the case of a German attack on Austria—is not discussed, for it does not arise under the Treaty of Locarno.

Sir Austen speaks with the warmest admiration of Stresemann and refuses to be put off by attacks based on certain passages in his *Papers*. Of Raymond Poincaré he is more critical. The studies of Balfour and Bonar Law are characteristically generous, seeing that the author's father left the Government of the first and that Bonar

Law emerged from his retirement to strike 'the blow which put an end to my leadership.'

But for one who will read this book as a contribution to history and politics, half a dozen will read it for the sake of the author himself and for the insight that it gives into one of the most attractive personalities of our time. Its dignity, fine feeling, courtesy, and its high sense of public honor and duty are in keeping with the character of the man as it is generally apprehended; but what will surprise many is the lightness of touch and its not infrequent evidence of a sense of humor.

The book abounds in stories, not all, it is true, equally good, but none without point and all neatly told. He has a keen appreciation of the surface of life and manners, which does not always go with high political principles. And because it shows the man from new angles, many will like best Part I of the book, which he calls *Idle Hours*. Here he abandons politics and shows us famous men in unofficial undress, at table or in their studies, or in their gardens. The chapter on 'How Great Speakers Prepare Their Speeches' makes fascinating reading and shows pains in research. But the most charming chapter of all is that on Sir Austen's garden in Sussex and how he made and furnished his rockery. In this respect at least he was greater than his father, who grew only orchids. The son is a gardening artist.

Someone once congratulated Dr. Correvon on his Alpine garden, because it had had the honor of a visit from Sir Austen, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. 'Minister for Foreign Affairs, pooh!' was his reply. 'There is a Minister for Foreign Affairs in every

country, but there is only one who can identify *Tulipa Clusiana* by its leaves.' Sir Austen confesses that he helped to spread the story. And what a dower of inward happiness it implies!

WHO'S WHO IN ARMS. By *W. H. Williams*. London: Labor Research Department.

AIRCRAFT. *Aircraft Shop Stewards' National Council*.

POISON GAS. *Union of Democratic Control*.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AND WAR. *Cambridge University Anti-War Movement and Other Bodies*.

THE ROOTS OF WAR. *Friends' Anti-War Group*.

CHALLENGE TO DEATH. London: Constable. 1935.

FORCE. By Lord Davies. London: Constable. 1935.

(T. H. Wintringham in the *Labour Monthly*, London)

FOUR of the five pamphlets listed above contain information on the British 'merchants of death,' on aircraft profiteering, on the methods of poison-gas warfare and the 'defense' proposed against it, and on the use of a university for war preparations. In so far as these pamphlets state or imply a policy, it is a policy of uniting all available forces with one aim: to resist the preparations for war in every possible way. The fifth pamphlet is an argument by a group of Friends (Quakers) in favor of this mass resistance to war and in opposition to 'the orthodox pacifist position' (i.e., reliance on individual refusals to help in a war).

The two books, *Challenge to Death* and *Force*, present a radically different view. They are written by opponents

of war who believe not in the pressure of the peoples *against* the capitalist governments but in the possibility of persuading these governments to reform. Their specific is the establishment of an international police force.

It is probable that the authors of these books think of armament manufacturers as a small separate interest, of limited political and social power, whose activities can be curbed by the 'public-spirited' majority of the ruling class. The Labor Research Department pamphlet shows that this idea is wrong. The shareholders and directors of the great arms firms *are* the ruling class—not just a section of it but its most powerful and richest representatives, its 'society,' from Prince Arthur of Connaught to the Reverend 'Dick' Sheppard, and its rulers of great businesses, railways, banks, insurance companies, newspapers. Mix a page of Debrett's *Peerage* with a week's issues of the *Financial Times*, shake in a selection of politicians (Sir John Gilmour had ordinary shares in Vickers when the last available returns were made, Neville Chamberlain in Imperial Chemical Industries), of admirals (such as the four-power Plunkett-Erle-Drax, C.B., D.S.O.), and of really heavy-weight war profiteers (Ellerman, for example), and you get the names that shine out of the pages of this invaluable pamphlet. For those with a sense of history it is a valuable document: it shows how a finance-capital oligarchy is formed out of the most diverse elements.

Here on the board of directors of Vickers is a Chief of Staff of Haig's Army, a director of Mr. Baldwin's family steel firm, and the gallant Commander Craven, whom the King

delighted to honor with a knighthood just after his indiscreet letters about *My Friend at the Admiralty* had been published. Here, in the lists of Vickers shareholders, we find a Rothschild, Lord Linlithgow (viceroys-designate of India), and the relatively humble Drapers and General Insurance Company; the Earl of Wemyss, Sir Percy Loraine, Viscountess Goshen—and twenty-four clergymen.

Equally interesting conjunctions of names come among the shareholders of other firms; we cannot resist mentioning the Marquess of Lothian, Barrow Cadbury (chairman of the National Adult School Union), two other Cadburys and a Fry, Sir Henry Page-Croft, the Bishops of St. Andrews and of Bath and Wells, the Rural Dean of Kensington, Arthur Mee (of the *Children's Newspaper* and editor of *The Words of Jesus*), the Duke of Montrose, the Salvation Army Trust Company, the Chancellor, Master, and Scholars of Cambridge University . . . And there is a director of one 'small' arms firm (it has only just over £5,000,000 capital) who is also a director of H. P. Sauce Ltd. and the London *Evening Standard*. Hilaire Belloc's wildest imaginings are surpassed.

These shareholders and directors are the ruling class—court and law courts, pulpit, banking, trade, 'the land.' And the simple device of 'nominee companies' allows those who have qualms about publicity to invest in Vickers, Imperial Chemicals, or Beardmore's without their names appearing. In these three firms alone nominee companies hold over £3,940,000 (nominal) in shares. The banks are also heavy shareholders. In Vickers, Armstrongs, Imperial Chemical In-

dustries, and Beardmore's they hold £9,539,687 (nominal) of shares. It is not a small section that is personally and directly interested in war profits; it is the capitalist class as a whole.

In *Aircraft*, one of the most useful penny pamphlets recently published, you get a glimpse of the profits of this appalling trade: Handley Page paying over 100 per cent on its ordinary share capital, the 5s. shares of Hawker Aircraft (the majority of which are held secretly, through nominees) rising to 29s. 6d. each—and at the same time the other side of the picture: piece-work rates for the men employed cut by 33⅓ per cent, speed-up, and the 'debt system.'

Poison Gas describes in detail the horrible effects of this form of warfare and the complete uselessness of the methods proposed by the Government for 'defense' of the civil population. These proposals 'are a deception, and a very cruel deception . . . the only defense against air attack is the absolute prevention of war.'

In the pamphlet *Cambridge University and War* there are useful reminders of 1914-18. As one sample we quote the Venerable Archdeacon Cunningham: 'Liberals, socialists, and pacifists are worse than Jews.' The effect of war fever on our teachers and preachers is almost forgotten now; good examples of it are in these pages. But the value of the pamphlet is in its exposure of the present use of the University for war preparations and in the suggestions as to what can be done in opposition to this.

The Roots of War is a revelation. Here is the centre and origin of 'pure pacifism,' of 'conscientious objection,' developing on new lines; a group of eight of the younger Quakers write of

war as due to the rise of imperialism, of peace as needing 'the use of the general strike and other mass-resistance methods.' It may be remembered that Sir Charles Trevelyan, in his pamphlet *Mass Resistance to War*, faced the fact that governments would try 'to make resistance illegal' and proposed mass action as soon as this was attempted. The members of the Friends' Anti-War Movement face an equally real difficulty: that the leadership of the labor movement is 'active in support of the very things here criticized—the League of Nations, collective security, and an international police force.' The basis for a real anti-war policy, therefore, they say, must be 'the large number of the members' (of the Labor Party and trade unions) 'who are opposed to their (the leaders') policy.' The revolutionaries who desire unity in opposition to war have here new allies.

The authors of the book *Challenge to Death* are P. Noel Baker, Vernon Bartlett, Gerald Barry, Edmund Blunden, Vera Brittain, Ivor Brown, G. E. G. Catlin, Guy Chapman, Mary Agnes Hamilton, Gerald Heard, Winifred Holtby, Julian Huxley, Storm Jameson, J. B. Priestley, and Rebecca West. Viscount Cecil contributes a guarded introduction. The theme ranges from the origin of war to the status of an international police force, armed with the only fighting airplanes allowed to exist. It is impossible for anyone who knows what a police force is for, what it is like in its dealings with those justifiably discontented, to accept this idea as a desirable aim while capitalism controls most of the world. It is also not a practicable aim. But the book shows so much real feeling against war, has so many good

points of exposure and anger, that we must not despair of these possible future allies and the people they represent.

They, or some of them, will help in the real fight against war while they are being disillusioned of this desire for an international super-Trenchard. But Lord Davies? No, that is not likely. 'The eternal struggle between reason and passion still holds the world in its relentless grip,' his book begins. There is no evidence, in the 240 pages separating that piece of slipshod English and ludicrous metaphysics from the 'Recessional' of Mr. Kipling with which the book ends, that Lord Davies can reason, understand, or write. This Lord is not a possible ally; if he were, we should pray that he write no more books.

AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS HANDBOOK
No. 2. *Issued by the Home Office.*
London: His Majesty's Stationery Office. 1935.

(From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THE effect of the unemotional pages of the Home Office's new handbook on anti-gas precautions is to turn what has hitherto been an horrific fantasy into a close and appalling reality. It is as if people who had been brought up to believe vaguely in the Calvinist Hell suddenly felt on their faces the flames from the pit which is bottomless. The handbook is not, of course, meant to frighten but to reassure. It explains that, although all the most important countries of Western Europe are parties to the promise of the Geneva Convention of 1925 not to use poison gas, 'nevertheless the risk of the enemy's using poison gas remains a possibility and cannot be disregarded.'

For possibility we must read certainty and remember that these home precautions are not a substitute for, but are complementary to, an enormous expansion in the development of our own offensive aviation, which is already hard at work preparing to drop gas bombs on other people. It is officially stated that to provide effective home precautions against gas attacks would mean setting up gas-proof shelters for the entire population at an estimated cost of 1,000 to 1,500 million pounds sterling. This, we understand, the Government has no intention of doing. The responsibility is fastened upon the individual and upon the local authorities. The Government's contribution is to tell the rest of us what to do if we are attacked and to arrange for counter-attacks on other people. Mr. Baldwin's famous and candid words remain the precise truth: 'The only defense is in offense, which means that you have to kill women and children more quickly than the enemy if you want to save yourselves.'

Mr. Baldwin's remark is terribly substantiated by this handbook. There is no defense. Matters are indeed far worse than the Home Office suggests, for, while it makes clear that high-explosive shells would accompany gas bombing, it omits to say what we are to do when various gases with opposite actions are used together or used, as they will be, in conjunction with thermite, which can be dropped in bombs weighing only two pounds, each able to start a fire that cannot be extinguished by any means so far discovered. Nor does it make any mention of new gases, which we know to be almost ready for use.

But let us take the handbook as it stands. The ordinary householder's

chief defense is to shut all his doors and windows and to make one room airtight. A basement room has the advantage in security against explosives. An upstairs room has much more security against gas. He can take his choice. He must board up the windows of the selected room outside in order to prevent them from being smashed by the concussion of shells, and we are told how many people can live in a gas-proof room of a certain size for twelve hours. We are not told what they are to do at the end of the twelve hours, if, as is probable, the other windows are broken and the district not yet freed from gas or gas contamination. Nor are we told how this program is to be carried out in any thickly populated area, where several families live in each house.

The handbook makes no pretense that effective gas masks can be provided for more than a tiny fraction of the population, and it admits that the full costume necessary for those who must work outside during an air raid is so stifling as to be unusable for any prolonged period. It discusses a temporarily effective gas mask and a costume in which only a small part of the body would be liable to the burns of mustard gas or lewisite. It does not tell us of any way of guarding children or animals—though the Union of Democratic Control pamphlet, *Poison Gas*, informs us of a Frenchman who has invented an ingenious device for sewing children up in cowhide while the father, if alive, pumps in oxygen at intervals.

A great deal of attention is necessarily devoted to the problem of decontamination, for mustard gas and lewisite lie on the ground in liquid form and may continue to kill for several

weeks after a raid. Some idea of the impossibility of the task of decontamination may be gathered from the information that boiling may be necessary to free clothes from contamination and that anyone who walks in a street that has been contaminated may have to take his leather boots to be treated at a special depot; while, if a concrete surface has been soaked with liquid mustard gas, 'it may be necessary to break up the surface and relay it.' The handbook classifies the effects of several types of gas but does not emphasize the fact that, of all the deaths known to man, there are few more painful than death from mustard gas, though some of the new gases are said to produce an even more intense agony. It would be useful if, when reprinting this handbook, the Home Office would add short descriptions by eyewitnesses—we should be happy to contribute one ourselves—of deaths by gas in the last War.

This is a very inadequate summary of the Home Office's careful account of all the complicated methods that the ordinary citizen aided by his local authority is supposed to take to lessen the chances of death, but it is enough to make it clear that such precautions are almost meaningless except for the very few. While Lord Londonderry, who has boasted of his efforts to prevent the abolition of aerial bombing, may successfully secure his own house in London against gas or retire into the comparative safety of his Durham estate, the mass of the population in poorer districts would be virtually helpless. Instead of wasting our time on such precautions for the poor, it would be cheaper and more humane to make stocks of morphia available for those who prefer a gentler death.

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

HENRI BARBUSSE—1873-1935

[We take pleasure in presenting a summary of the life and work of Henri Barbusse, written by Annette Vidal, his secretary, and published by 'Monde,' the magazine that Barbusse founded in 1928 and edited until his death in Moscow on August 30, 1935.]

—THE EDITORS.]

HENRI BARBUSSE was born on May 17, 1873, at Asnières in the department of the Seine. His father was from the south of France and his mother, who died a few years after his birth, was English. During his childhood, he spent some time in England. Thereafter he lived in France and almost completely forgot the English language.

His father was a journalist and a playwright, and Barbusse himself started out in journalism by writing for the *Petit Parisien* and the *Écho de Paris* when the latter was still a literary paper and had not yet acquired the political character that it has to-day. While he was still in preparatory school, Henri Barbusse wrote poetry. After Barbusse had had repeated successes in the competitions organized by the *Écho de Paris*, Catulle Mendès introduced the young man to the editor, Charpentier. Charpentier published Barbusse's poems in 1895 under the title of *Les Pleureuses*, and Catulle Mendès launched the young author on his literary career with an enthusiastic article in the *Écho de Paris*. His earlier poems are rather vague, revealing a greater interest in harmony than in precision.

Henri Barbusse's first novel, *Les Suppliants*, appeared in 1903. It was a rather romantic, psychological study of the young man of his time. From the literary, and from what one might call the architectural, point of view, this work was conceived on a plan that combined

something of the novel with something of the poem—a characteristic that appears in his later books. The ideas that he was later to defend with more precision are already clearly indicated in his book. Its philosophy is an individualistic, transcendental, Kantian one. The author vigorously opposes all religious doctrines and tendencies, and one may say that his book is an intellectual and especially a sentimental glorification of the human personality at the expense of objective reality. But there is in this book a tendency that Henri Barbusse has since called anarchistic—the tendency to hold aloof from any positive expression of the social problem.

L'Enfer, which was published at the beginning of 1908, enjoyed far greater sales and made Barbusse well known, if not among the wide public, at least in cultured Parisian circles. The ideas in *L'Enfer* are the same as those in *Les Suppliants*, but the basic idea is more vigorously and precisely expressed, and the book has a definite social outlook.

Shortly before publishing this book Henri Barbusse became interested in pacifism. He worked with Frédéric Passy and Charles Richet on the magazine that the French Society for Arbitration among Nations had founded, and for many years he served on the board of directors of this society, which aimed to introduce the idea of arbitration into the sphere of international diplomacy. Thus he entered the social movement by way of internationalism, and he always believed that internationalism was the most definite force in the movement, its broadest and most precious element.

When the War broke out, Henri Barbusse was freed from military service and, because of his delicate state of health, was transferred to the auxiliary army, so that in case of mobilization he had nothing to

do but wait for months and even years until his auxiliary class was mobilized for service in the rear, far removed from danger. At that time he believed, along with many other people, that everything we heard was really true and that Germany was the only militaristic country, whose victory would stand in the way of the evolution and progress of social ideas. He believed that Germany's opponents represented a diametrically opposed point of view, the point of view of liberty and democracy. Though it is true that Henri Barbusse cherished this illusion, one may say that he went out of his way to meet all the perils that it involved. Not only did he not avoid, as so many others did whenever they could, the terrible danger of fighting in the War as a simple soldier, but, on the contrary, he did everything in his power to be that simple soldier, deliberately risking his life.

He belonged to a territorial regiment, and he left for the front in December, 1914. He took part in the bloody and tragic encounters as a result of which we lost the left bank of the Aisne. Then, during the year 1914, he went from the Soissonnais to the Artois. He was lucky: bullets spared him. Afterward he always showed a cap through which a bullet had passed one millimetre above his head. But he suffered from successive attacks of dysentery and enteritis. He was sent back from the front three times and was finally discharged and given a pension. He received two citations, one for having saved the life of some wounded men who fell in front of the lines and the other for 'having always volunteered for all sorts of dangerous missions . . . and so forth.'

He began writing his book, *Le Feu*, as soon as he was freed of his duties as a soldier. While in the trenches, it was physically impossible for him to do anything besides his manual work; he had neither the leisure nor the inclination to do anything else, even to take notes. But, when he was in the heat of action, he sometimes jotted down the colorful ex-

pressions that he heard around him. This is the only kind of notes that he ever took during the War.

Le Feu was very quickly written; the idea of the book came rapidly. He began working on it at the end of 1915, and he completed it six months later. In August, 1916, it began to appear serially in the *Œuvre*, and the last installment was published when he was still in the hospital, in November, 1916. The book edition is dated December 15, 1916, but only the first edition was published then. The real publishing date is the beginning of 1917. The number of copies sold rose very rapidly, and *Le Feu* now holds the record for all modern novels. It goes without saying that his later books have been carried on by the momentum of this first work. Indeed, Henri Barbusse's books have been translated into almost all languages. But *Le Feu* still boasts of the greatest number of foreign editions. Henri Barbusse himself could not remember them, and people frequently told him about new ones that he had never heard of. He estimated that there must have been about fifty editions, perhaps even more.

Influenced by the attacks that the French nationalists, and especially the members of a military mission to America, directed against it, the American Government forbade the sale of *Le Feu*. These attacks, to which American public opinion attributed undue importance, were only the reflection of those that Henri Barbusse had to endure from militarists of every kind and every country, among whom the French militarists occupy the first place. French chauvinism, the virulence of which no one can any longer doubt, did not at first attack *Le Feu*. During the first period of its publication it was well received in all circles without a single exception. Edmond Rostand, who wrote magnificent letters to Henri Barbusse with regard to this book, told him many times that it had met with the highest approval from men who differed most radically with his ideas but who appreciated, none the less,

the 'literary quality' and the 'incontestable veracity' that the book contained. No man who has really fought the War among rank-and-file soldiers has ever dared say that *Le Feu* contained exaggerations or misrepresentations. Assertions of this kind were made long afterward, when a sort of political cabala was formed to minimize its importance and prestige.

Henri Barbusse remained faithful to the Communist International because in his opinion there were, in spite of numerous diversified labels, only two groups of men: those who, in one way or another, desire to maintain the old nefarious régime with a modification in names or details only and those who profoundly and loyally want to reconstruct the world on a logical basis.

IN 1925, Barbusse published *Force*, a book composed of three long stories, one of which takes place in ancient times and evokes the character of an inventor who by the power of his genius had made a certain number of scientific discoveries destined to reappear much later in history. Another, *L'Au-Delà* revealed the under side of contemporary society by means of the following dramatic trick—a man is left as the only survivor after an entire region is destroyed by the explosion of a poison-gas factory. This man walks among the annihilated population, in the sanctuaries of private houses, palaces, and so forth, and in this way gets a glimpse into the hidden mechanism that is crushing contemporary society. The third story, *Le Crieur*, tells of a man who persists in proclaiming the truth about and against all.

In 1927 *Jésus* and *Les Judas de Jésus*, two stories of Christianity, appeared. The first recalls the figure of Jesus in the literary form of a gospel. The second is a philosophical and social study of Jesus and Christianity. Barbusse's historical conception of Jesus is based on a profound, positive, and scientific study of all the documents that we possess on this

subject and on the recent statements of scientists who have placed the gospels within the scientific field and who consider the history of Christ and the Church a chapter in the history of the world.

Here are the principal points in the picture of Jesus that Henri Barbusse sees: he is a Jewish prophet, an atheist and a revolutionary, who preached the hatred of wealth and social injustice and who was put to death by the Romans for having 'seduced' and 'aroused' the people. It is only later that, to this real character, was added the Christian Christ, an artificial divinity created by St. Paul and his collaborators with elements borrowed from Judaism, but especially from the Greco-Oriental religions and the Stoical and Platonic philosophies. The Jesus Christ we know is a myth.

Henri Barbusse first went to Georgia and the Caucasus in 1927. As a result of this trip he wrote *Voici ce qu'on a fait de la Georgie*, a book in which he studies the problem of minorities and the history of Georgia and the Caucasus during Tsarism, Menchevism, and the Soviet régime. Henri Barbusse took a second trip to the U. S. S. R. and remained about a year. The result was another book, *Russie*.

In 1928 Barbusse founded the paper *Monde*. In 1932 he decided to organize an international congress against war. It was not only a question of defending the U. S. S. R. against Japan, which enjoyed the good graces of the Great Powers, but also of giving life to a kind of permanent campaign, waged at the same time in all countries, against imperialist war, a campaign that should emanate from the revolutionary intellectuals, the working masses, and also the sincere and active pacifists. For this purpose he created a committee and issued a call, which Romain Rolland signed, to make the idea of his congress public. The call, which appeared at the end of 1932, caused a sensation and gave rise to the grandiose international demonstration that took place at the Amsterdam Congress.

In spite of the enormous social task that Henri Barbusse had undertaken, he began a new literary work, entitled *Morceaux du Monde*, in which he attempted to study contemporary man by introducing the collective idea in the dramatic exposé instead of taking the deeds and gestures of a single individual or a restricted number of individuals. He wanted to accumulate a large number of concrete elements, drawn from universal life, for the description of each phase of human destiny, each aspect of character, each primordial instinct, each social event. Thus we have crowds of people collaborating on this novel, which is based on the idea that at any particular moment the same situation, the same state of mind exists in a great many different copies, scattered through the world.

Finally, at the beginning of 1935, Barbusse's book on Stalin appeared and revealed a new world seen through a single man, a powerful, scholarly study in which he has synthesized the work of Lenin's successor.

THE BALLAD OF THE GERMAN BOOK

'IN ONE of Streicher's Nürnberg meetings a mother of seven children boasted: "My kitchen is my world. Let the fine gentlemen write their books. It does n't matter to us. Enough that every woman read Hitler's *Mein Kampf*." The listeners greeted this confession with enthusiasm. It is a confession many another German might have made.'

Thus, writing in the *Neue Weltbühne*, T. N. Hudes begins his account of the position of the German book market since Hitler came into power. It is a story of decline and stagnation.

'This,' says Mr. Hudes, 'is what it has led to: German publishing, once so voluminous and well organized, lies in ruins. When the German Association of Book-printers recently held its general meeting in Heidelberg, significant figures came to

light. In 1934 the book trade showed a turnover of 754 million marks; in the first six months of 1935 sales declined to 278 million marks. In 1929 the book turnover still amounted to 1,725 million marks and in 1930 to 1,320 million marks.

'Statistics of wages and salaries show a reduction in the number of workers and employees in the book trades: in 1931 the payroll amounted to 574 million marks, in 1934 to only 377 millions. The book-printing houses record a reduction of 566 million marks in turnover as compared with 1931. Since Hitler came to power, bookprinting houses have shown a reduction of 43 per cent in turnover.

'Publishers complain that German books are hardly translated any longer. In 1931, 1,261 German books were translated into various languages, but in 1934 this figure fell to approximately 700 books, of which number two-thirds were scientific works, chiefly medical and technical. Herr Will Vesper, in the *Neue Deutsche Literatur*, proposes a sort of intellectual embargo, in view of the fact that German-émigré literature is still finding publishers abroad. According to his plan, in the future books are to be translated into German only if the respective countries also translate German books. Indeed, the exchange is to proceed strictly according to the number mutually translated.

'Publishers will no doubt entertain this idea with extreme reservation since they are aware of the fact that there is a far greater demand in Germany for translations from the English and the French than there is abroad for Nazi literature. According to figures of the German postal authorities, 3,298 newspapers and magazines were suppressed in 1933. This is a conservative estimate. In 1934 and 1935, 156 more newspapers and magazines ceased to exist. Since January 30, 1935, about 1,000 newspapers and magazines were registered, but of this number many no longer exist to-day. The number of readers, too, has decreased.'

AS OTHERS SEE US

LOUISIANA ALLIGATOR

WITH a perhaps not altogether unconscious irony, the 'coördinated' *Frankfurter Zeitung*, once a genuine crusader for liberal ideas but more recently an unhappy and somewhat reluctant mouthpiece of National-Socialist propaganda, finds that the late Huey Long 'combined the right mixture of sentimentality, smartness, and popular economics' and employed popular slogans whose flavor, though anti-capitalist, was 'far from socialistic . . . ' a description that other pens have often applied to the Führer of the German nation. But Pierre Dominique, writing in the 'uncoördinated' *Europe Nouvelle*, gives a far more pointed appraisal of the man:—

We shall not permit ourselves to compare anything in America with anything we know in Europe. Nevertheless, the Americans, haunted as they are by the idea of quantity and so incapable—in the mass—of lining up on what I shall call the side of perfection, are plunged into the great stream that is sweeping the world away. They are carried along by it exactly like the rest of us, though they make more violent gestures of rage. And, if their reactions are at once more ample and more primitive,—a natural enough thing for a people who have not yet thrown off the spirit of the immigrant and the pioneer,—they are no less closely related to our own reactions for all that. America adopted democratic institutions in the wake of England: Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Van Zeeland resemble one another. Marxism is taking root over there as it is with us; and Spartacism also; only in America they have strikes, street fights, and police

massacres that are to ours what the American skyscrapers are to our more modest buildings. How can anyone hope that Fascism is not finding rich soil in America, virgin soil where it will grow prodigiously?

There have recently been two or three men in America to preach it, this Fascism, though they have been careful to avoid the name, two or three, of whom one is a priest, Father Coughlin. Coughlin has his own broadcasting station, with millions of listeners, and seems to be something like the political king of the loud speakers, a preacher who is at once a mystic and a demagogue, an American Savonarola who has a good eye for business. But, above all, there was Huey Long.

This Huey Long was a man of 42, born in poverty, who practically educated himself (especially in the business of chicanery), graduated, more or less, from some university or other, became a lawyer, then a politician; grew thick and fast in the swampy soil of Louisiana and basked in the sun there like an alligator and, like an alligator, was filled with an abounding appetite. Not the appetite for money but for power, power which is to Mr. Roosevelt's power what Roosevelt's is to M. Lebrun's!

Kingfish; king fish; the great beast; the shark. One must submit to the shark, say the fish. And so also say men. Across the water from New Orleans, on the other side of the Caribbean Sea, there is another man, a creole named Gomez. This man, who succeeded another of his kind, has governed Venezuela for 30 years. By police and petroleum. The petroleum enables him to enrich himself and his followers; what is more, thanks to the concession, he is able to pay the police, and, through the police, he beats, imprisons, and kills. Gomez has no parallel among the tyrants of antiquity, not even among the evil

Cæsars, for he is neither mad nor even sunk in vice. He is but a tiger who has turned Venezuela into his hunting ground and his harem.

I may be permitted to observe here that the Gomez type has been common enough in South America in the course of the last century. When the individual member of this species is not cruel but only hard, avoiding grossness, when the tiger, keeping velvet paws, takes up a human mask (which is sometimes illuminated by the spark of genius), his thirst for domination is no less complete, absolute—as Paraguay, Argentina, and Mexico know from experience. But people talk about ‘stable government,’ and it seems as if they were breathing freely. South America took the formula from Spain and Portugal, which took it from the Italy of the Renaissance, which got it from still further back, perhaps. Thus is born the adventurer who wants to be emperor, an absolute and not an hereditary master—a type of which, with us, the first of the Bonapartes was no more than a refined example, sublimated at once by Italy and by the eighteenth century.

Until to-day North America had not known this man, whose representatives—and, I repeat, some of them are full of vigor, charm, fire, grace, are animated at times by a just or profound understanding, admirably gifted here and there—have begun to abound in Europe since the War, America’s typical figure is Washington, and after him Lincoln. Roosevelt is still close to these national heroes, he follows in their footsteps, he is proud to be faithful to them, and, if I may say so, to resemble them.

But the Kingfish! To resemble Washington or Lincoln? No. He resembles Gomez. He was born a demagogue, he grew up in the mire of demagoguery, he fed himself on demagoguery to the point of nausea. He named all the officers of his State, for that is the practice in the United States, but from each one he demanded a letter of resignation, signed, in blank. That

is what is called governing! The poor devils were in his hands; Huey Long looked only for slaves. But he himself . . . ‘The worst thing of all,’ says the Bible, ‘is when the slave is king.’ I am ready to concede that Spartacus had a certain genius, Huey Long’s perhaps, or Catiline’s, that misled aristocrat, who was nevertheless a gladiator, a mercenary trained to fight like a dog, a slave trained to kill. In the same way, the American dictator has had his adversaries beaten and killed. Long himself ended by being struck down in a corridor. What other way was there of getting rid of him?

Huey Long, one of a numerous class, but more ignoble than the rest, what did he have to say? ‘The arguments of an opponent are obvious *a priori*; I forbid an opponent to get the better of me with argument, debate, votes . . .’ How did he wish to be worsted, then, if not by assassination? Always surrounded by flunkies, he was killed just the same, together with his murderer. The same experience came to Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici; Giuliano died, Lorenzo recovered, for he was of a superior type, Mussolini’s type: the tyrant who is intelligent, constructive, a lover of the beautiful. Further back in history, Harmodius and Aristogeiton died thus for having killed two tyrants of Athens, and the Athenians placed images of them on their altars. Tyranny is a struggle.

On that famous day, when, to obstruct legislation,—for he was a Senator,—Huey Long spoke for twelve or fifteen hours, of everything and nothing, played the clown, recited monologues and poems mixed with lectures on law and absurd remarks, a woman said to one of our colleagues, ‘It is a shame that such a man should be a member of the American Senate.’ This lady probably had ancestors, as they say down there—that is, she knew exactly who her great-grandfather was. Huey Long did not know his for certain. He was a monstrous cactus, nourished by the dung of a demagoguery of which our own

gives only the feeblest idea. And he was an example, too, of the depths to which democracy, that rule of virtue, can sink when it throws restraint to the winds.

Huey Long used to say to every American citizen, 'You will have an income of \$2,500 a year apiece, a house, an auto and a radio set. Nothing could be easier. I take all the fortunes, add them, and divide the total by the number of citizens in the country.' And he added: 'I am against capitalism, and I am not a Marxist.' That is why the Marxists rejected him, and they were right: for in such an abyss of ignorance Marxism would be lost. 'It is a Fascist,' they say, 'who has been killed.' As for me, I say that it is a demagogue, a Spartacus without his sword, a Catiline without his eloquence, the ignoble caricature of Cæsar. But, at least, let no one be surprised. In the fifty years immediately preceding the establishment of the Empire, Rome knew twenty of these lords of the crowd, and of these twenty just one had genius; and *he* died by the knife. America resembles Rome. And she will no more escape her destiny than shall we escape ours.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

A EUROPEAN housing expert, writing in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, criticizes the lack of planning in American housing and the dreadful living conditions that have come as a result of our laissez-faire policy in this matter. But he also remembers to give the Roosevelt Administration credit for trying to improve the living conditions of the common people:—

More than five years ago a well-known New York banker visited me in my European home town. He wished to see something of the city and its institutions. I showed him through the new housing project, acquainted him with what was being done for the unemployed, and simi-

lar things. He shook his head and remarked disapprovingly: 'You Europeans are making a serious mistake. Why not leave things alone as we do? Then everything would straighten out automatically.' I interjected that it was easy for Americans to criticize us because their position was so different from ours, thanks to their enormous natural resources and the fact that they won the War. When I asked what would be done on the other side of the Atlantic in a situation similar to the present one in Europe, my American friend gave a familiar answer: 'The American genius would master it.'

A year later I again met my New York acquaintance. As meanwhile a good deal of opportunity for showing genius had occurred in America, I could not suppress a mischievous question: 'Well, how about the American genius?'

Since that time my friend has not visited me—whether from fear of further tactless questions or from lack of cash, I do not know. Early this summer, however, I received a cable, requesting me to come to America with two English experts in order to place our European experience at the disposal of American housing authorities. This indicated that many Americans had come to think differently from my interlocutor of 1929.

What a profound change in the attitude of an entire people! Whoever has not visited the United States since the time of feverish speculation and self-adulation, the days when people dreamed of abolishing the business cycle, might think he were in another world. Above all, skepticism manifests itself in a sudden discontent with capitalism, which, in contrast to Europe, is not expressed by the workers; the unemployed, the disinherited. These have little to say in the matter. Instead the twilight of the gods is announced in salons and in private offices, sometimes with resignation, sometimes with more or less genuine enthusiasm.

Possibly no country in the world is innately so unprepared for socialism as

America. Anyone who comes to the United States from England can hardly fail to be struck by the startling contrast in this respect. Although the English sharply criticize the details of British Government, they hold it in enviable esteem. The Englishman pays his taxes readily, has confidence in the press, and is ready for a form of collective government if it proves to be better and is worked out free of dogma. In America, on the other hand, because of such handicaps as the enormous dimensions of the country and the conflict between Federal, State, and City Government, there is no unified state authority. Distrust of all government is general and frequently justified. There is a fear of politicians, a dislike of paying taxes, and so forth. Above all, an aversion to collective ownership is deeply rooted. Graft of one kind or another has played a devastating rôle nearly everywhere and intrudes even into the filling of government jobs.

Such malfeasance in the civil service has necessarily led to a thoroughgoing rejection of collectivism. On the other hand, unrestricted liberalism has beyond doubt failed in many fields. The most important branches of industry can hardly be primed without government aid, and thus the combination of state aid and private initiative, already long established in Europe, may turn out to be the most suitable for many fields of national economy.

This seems true, above all, of housing. We know from our older European experience how rugged individualism may lead to failure in this field. Even the most enthusiastic defender of capitalism cannot maintain that the era of laissez-faire can point to enviable results in city planning and housing, at least not in highly industrialized countries. This era has blighted our European cities almost beyond hope. The Old World recognized this long ago. It was precisely the terrible crisis of the World War and the subsequent housing shortage which spurred us on to make

determined, and in part successful, efforts to rebuild. In this way the present situation in the United States bears a startling resemblance to the European housing situation in 1919.

The housing situation in America is extremely critical as far as quantity goes. City planning, with the exception of certain fine parks, is incredibly bad, as is frequently the condition of houses. Moreover, a far more serious shortage of dwellings looms in the near future, since there has been no building for four years and the number of families is increasing rapidly. The fulfillment of this need has been impeded by the depression and is now possible only through government aid. Just as in Europe in 1919 so now in America, the private money market is refusing funds for new construction, and an almost boundless mismanagement of business has exhausted the private American mortgage market for years to come.

INSTEAD of the usual trip through museums, parks, places of amusement, rich neighborhoods; instead of Pullman journeys, interviews with the press, and receptions by the Mayor, let us take a trip through the American slums.

How many admirers of the beautiful capital, Washington, have any conception of how Negroes live, herded together like sardines in alleys that lack any sanitation, with garbage heaps in front of the houses waiting in vain for removal and serving as a breeding place for vermin? Such districts are to be found everywhere, with the possible exception of the model city of Milwaukee or the equally well-governed city of Cincinnati. Chicago is one of the worst offenders. It spends billions for beautifying its façade, making a fine display of Michigan Avenue and the Lake Front, but conceals revolting slums—not by any means confined to the malodorous stockyard district. These slums are breeding spots for tuberculosis, crime, juvenile delinquency, and all the manifestations of human pathology.

American cities base their entire budget on a general property tax; but, while English communities, under a similar system, merely lay claim to a certain percentage of rents actually received, the American landlord must pay his taxes according to an assessment that may or may not be fair. No notice is taken whether the property is vacant or not and whether the tenant is paying or not. This difference may be taken as a symbol of the fundamentally different mentality of the two English-speaking countries. In the older Great Britain, one thinks of property in terms of rent; in youthful America, in terms of speculative values. In England a house is acquired in order to yield the owner a secure income over a long period; in America, to increase capital.

Two entirely different types of American slums must be distinguished: those that never knew any sort of housing standard and those that once knew better days. Both exist side by side everywhere. It is remarkable how many old and even ancient houses are encountered everywhere. More than half of all buildings erected fifty and sixty years ago must surely still be in existence, frequently still inhabited by the same family. In so far as the houses are well constructed, this is commendable. For the most part, however, these relics are nothing but wooden shacks, hurriedly thrown together by unskilled labor and without sufficient sanitary facilities.

Again, one frequently sees, especially in the metropolises, once respectable neighborhoods that have suddenly decayed, like a good citizen who has taken to drink and who has shamefully neglected his appearance. The reason is to be found primarily in the race problem. Whenever a race regarded as socially inferior, especially the Negroes, enters a district, panic sets in. A general exodus from the neighborhood ensues. The landlords at first seek to indemnify themselves by charging the Negroes higher rents. This, in turn, compels the Negroes to fill the houses with sub-tenants and lodgers. Naturally, all

this quickly leads to the decay of the houses and to consequent depreciation. The Negroes everywhere represent the least secure social elements. In bad times they are the first to be discharged, and, when business improves, they are the last to be taken back. As a result, Negroes, in times such as the present, are slow and irregular rent-payers. The landlord frequently must put up with unpaid back rent of one and two years. If he ejects the delinquents by force, he risks the complete loss of his property shortly after. Obviously, in such circumstances there is neither money nor the desire for repairs. Thus the slums come into being.

The result is a frightful destruction of values, which even respectable neighbors cannot completely escape. One begins to understand why slum rents are so high and slum standards frequently so low. The landlord is forced to take a risk unknown in Europe. On the basis of capital invested, rents must be at least twice as high as in Europe.

The situation literally cries out for a farsighted housing program. Housing offers the most effective means of priming industry back into activity and of combating unemployment. Public opinion, long indifferent, is beginning to see the point.

Not only reformers but cool industrialists, and especially the Government under Roosevelt's personal direction, are seeing the light. Many experiments are being made, not always in the right direction. The Federal Government is embarking on a program of well-considered model-housing projects in the metropolitan slums. Above all, Washington is attempting to reorganize the mortgage system—not an easy matter. And the problem, with all its difficulties, so well-known to us in the Old World, is complicated by a surprising romanticism, represented by the ideal of individual home ownership, the naïve ideal of the perfect and costly home of many rooms and every imaginable luxury.

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

WAR AND THE PRIVATE INVESTOR: *a Study of the Relations of International Politics and International Private Investment.* By Eugene Staley. Foreword by Quincy Wright; Introduction by Sir Arthur Salter. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 562 pages. \$4.50.

THE recent Standard Oil—Socony—Vacuum fiasco in Ethiopia put the spotlight once again on the devious ways of international finance. What the adventurous Mr. Rickett attempted to do for the Rockefeller colossus in Africa is just one variation of the story of imperialism in action as presented to us in this masterly and invaluable monograph. The author, an assistant professor of economics in the University of Chicago, sought for an answer to the question, 'Do commercial and financial rivalries breed war?' The trail led him to virtually every corner of the world, from the mines of Canada to the oil of Persia and the Mannesmann interests of Morocco; thousands of pages of source material have been combed to expose the diplomatic and financial complications of the great private trusts (only *private* investments are considered here) seeking to dominate the economic life of the 'backward' and colonial areas or to hold their position in the more stable markets of the 'advanced' industrial nations. Here—told often with a profusion of dramatic detail—are authentic accounts of United Fruit in South and Central America, of the celebrated Wonckhaus firm, which messed things up in the Persian Gulf; of the Bagdad Railway; Cecil Rhodes and South Africa; the Suez Canal; the South Manchurian Railway; Royal Dutch; and scores of others. Facts at every turn, all of them pointing to the enormous, if frequently indeterminate, effects upon national policies of the Money Power. Mr. Staley himself believes that 'serious conflicts of interest and clashes of emotional attitude are always likely to be touched off by the international investment of capital'—a conclusion that most readers of his admirable book will consider very mild. It may be doubted also whether the author's suggestion for a world investment commission would work out in a world of robber barons, who at

this very moment are intent upon fantastic schemes for a redivision of continually shrinking markets—beginning with Ethiopia.

IS THE NAVY READY? By F. Russell Bichowsky. New York: The Vanguard Press. 323 pages. \$3.00.

THE answer is a very emphatic 'No!' And Dr. Bichowsky, a scientist, engineer, inventor, and executive with many years' experience in the research and administrative departments of the United States Navy, leaves no stone unturned to show why our navy, as at present constituted, is incompetent to do its proper work when, as—and IF a war emergency arises. In Part I he discusses the fundamentals of the navy: types of ships, their nature and function; tactics and strategy, with several examples of the actual methods of naval warfare; and the organization behind these things. Part II, on the navy personnel, discusses at considerable length and with much caustic comment the inefficient and bureaucratic machinery for training sea-fighters. It seems that an endless ribbon of red tape extends from the 'middy' to the admiral and that typewriters are more in evidence on a battle cruiser than guns—to the discreet amusement of visiting naval observers. In Part III we have a fascinating, if rather gloomy, picture of the material of the navy: here again, numerous examples of technical blundering and administrative pigheadedness are driven home, causing the reader to wonder how any of our ships manage to float at all. Inventions rejected, improved techniques blue-penciled by swivel-chair officers, reckless orders, such as that which sent Admiral Moffett to his death on the airship *Akron*—the 'military mind' goes on its way, and the taxpayer continues to pay. It is evident that Dr. Bichowsky has studied his subject deeply and from every angle, and, if he is somewhat too alarmist for those of us who think the navy (and army) are already getting far too much attention, his criticism and his unusual fund of information make his book of the greatest value to-day. It is significant that, although the publishers thoroughly disagree with Dr. Bichowsky's militarist motives in writing his book, they

issued it because its *facts* eloquently demonstrate the navy to be 'an instrument the primary function of which is to buttress and maintain the control of the present American ruling class over the proletariat of this and the so-called colonial nations.'

GENETICS. By H. S. Jennings. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 373 pages. \$4.00.
GENETICS AND THE SOCIAL ORDER. By Mark Graubard. New York: Tomorrow Publishers. 127 pages. 75 cents.

THE new and powerful science of genetics is rapidly becoming not only fundamental to a correct understanding of most biological processes but also essential in the struggle against all forms of racial and social chauvinism. In other words, the material of genetics has very profound political significance—as may be seen from the widely different uses to which it is put in Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. Here are two books admirably suited to provide the layman with a good working knowledge of the facts, principles, and implications of genetics.

The first, by Dr. H. S. Jennings (of Johns Hopkins University), is an excellent general introduction to the subject by one of America's foremost biological scientists. Here we are dealing primarily with 'the materials of genetics': the cells of the body and the mechanism of their growth; the chromosomes; and those ultimate units of heredity, the genes. With the help of diagrams and carefully drawn-up outlines we are told something of the enormously complex processes at work within the 'genetic system,' processes initiated from the moment of conception, setting the general direction of physical development according to an intricate and as yet imperfectly understood calculus of probabilities. But—as a great mathematician once remarked—'chance has neither conscience nor memory'; and no responsible geneticist to-day will permit the random facts of his science to color or distort his philosophy.

Dr. Graubard (of Columbia University) covers much the same ground as Dr. Jennings, but much more briefly—and with special reference to the race fallacies of Hitler, Rosenberg, and Julius Streicher. These fallacies he attacks at once, using a wealth of evidence drawn from the history of human cultures and interpreted in the light of genetic research.

He is especially severe on eugenics, sharing with Lancelot Hogben and the brilliant American, H. J. Muller, the conviction that eugenics is essentially a class-science, designed to bolster the pride of aristocrats and to preserve the illusion of 'blood.'

PROLETARIAN LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES. *An Anthology*, Edited by Granville Hicks, Michael Gold, Joseph North, et al, with a Critical Introduction by Joseph Freeman. New York: International Publishers. 384 pages. \$2.50.

THE first thing to say about this unusual and provocative volume is that it is the first selection of the Book Union, an organization of American workers and intellectuals formed for the purpose of encouraging the work of the best 'Left-wing' writers in the United States and of promoting the knowledge of this work (in whatever field) among the widest strata of the population. Functioning as an active mediator between these writers and their undoubtedly large potential public, the Book Union—with offices at 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City—has already developed an ambitious program.

The second thing to say about the present volume is that it will be a revelation to those for whom the word 'proletarian' still means something a little crude; something clumsy, unkempt, noisy, and fanatical. Here, under the main heads of Fiction, Poetry, Reportage, Drama, and Literary Criticism, are to be found examples of some of the most vital literary production of the day. Stories by Erskine Caldwell, Jack Conroy, Josephine Herbst, Robert Cantwell, and Albert Maltz; poetry by Horace Gregory, Michael Gold, Genevieve Taggard, and Kenneth Fearing; brilliant reportage by Joseph North, Meridel Le Sueur, Agnes Smedley, and John L. Spivak; the text of Clifford Odets' powerful little drama, *Waiting for Lefty*, and selections from the dramatic works of Albert Maltz (*Black Pit*), John Wexley (*They Shall Not Die*), and others. The last section, on Literary Criticism, is the least effective, most of the material suffering from a certain callow solemnity and confusion of values: due, however, less to the nature of the critics' material than to the contradictions between this material and their own habituation to other forms of writing.

—HAROLD WARD

WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

FOR some time past THE LIVING AGE has felt that its own work might be desirably supplemented if, from month to month or from time to time, it carried a department devoted to the activities of organizations or committees of public-spirited individuals concerned with international affairs. It was felt that such a department would emphasize the basic purpose of the magazine and would, at the same time, provide stimulating information to each organization, of the activities and efforts of other organizations working in the same field.

As most of our friends know, THE LIVING AGE was established over ninety years ago and records a past of unique distinction. During its long career it has sought to interpret the problems of the different nations of the world to each other, especially the problems of the European nations to the people of the United States. This work has gone on without interruption; and, while it is believed that much has been accomplished during the past nine decades, current conditions indicate that at no time in the past have such efforts been so vital as at the present. In this troubled world of to-day, THE LIVING AGE and all organizations and societies concerned with international affairs have, as never before, important parts to play.

It is probable that no organization within present years has been more active or has made a larger contribution to an enlightened understanding of international problems than Foreign Policy Association, the president of which is now Raymond Leslie Buell.

Among the important activities of this organization are the interesting and authoritative publications which it issues from its national headquarters at 8 West 40 Street, New York City. Foreign Policy Bulletin, published weekly, the cost of which is included in the membership dues

of \$5 a year, contains interpretations of current international events by the members of the Association's research staff. Foreign Policy Reports, published fortnightly, take up one subject of current interest in each issue. The reports cost but \$3 a year to members, \$5 to non-members. The Bulletin and Reports are invaluable to the student of foreign affairs. They are, in fact, constantly consulted by the editorial staff of this magazine.

How such expensive services can be supplied at so small a cost is difficult to understand; but, notwithstanding, a further gratuitous service to the members in the form of a series of publications to be known as *Headline Books* has been announced. The title of the series is not only intriguing but appropriate. The first of the *Headline Books* has already appeared. It is published in pamphlet form and deals with the subject of America and war under the title *War To-morrow: Will We Keep Out?* Subsequent books will discuss such subjects as dictatorship, economic self-sufficiency, the new armaments race, the conflict of policy in Asia, and peace in party platforms. At least six of the headline booklets will be published during the coming year. In pamphlet form, they will be free to members. Bound in boards, the cost will be 35¢ to non-members.

President Raymond Leslie Buell of the Association is now in Geneva, where he has been for the past two months as an observer of the dramatic developments there. He has also established a plan of coöperation between the Foreign Policy Association and the Geneva Research Centre. It is understood that the Foreign Policy Association will maintain a member of its staff at Geneva, upon which the attention of the world is now focused, for the ensuing year. The arrangement will give the Association an opportunity to follow European developments on the spot.

THE American Peace Society is another organization to which THE LIVING AGE feels bound by a spirit of sympathy and coöperation. President John J. Esch, who now resides in Washington, D. C., where the headquarters of the Society are located (734 Johnson Place), has had a career of unusual variety and distinction. Born in Wisconsin and admitted to the bar there, President Esch represented the Seventh Wisconsin Congressional District in the House of Representatives for more than twenty years. He resigned this office to become a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, on which he served eight years. Now, as senior member of a very active law firm in Washington, also as president of the Association of Practitioners before the Interstate Commerce Commission and president of the American Peace Society, Mr. Esch finds many demands made upon his time. Associated with Mr. Esch in the American Peace Society is Arthur Deerin Call, who has for more than twenty years been editor of *World Affairs*, the Society's official organ. Mr. Call is not only an editor but an author of essays and pamphlets which have exercised great influence upon contemporary thought. He is a member of many historic, patriotic, and educational associations.

NO ENUMERATION of the organizations engaged in the interpretation of international problems would be even measurably complete without reference to the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations (principal office: 129 East 52 Street, New York City, with branches in San Francisco and Honolulu). The activities of the American Council of the Institute are too important to be passed by with only brief mention. We reserve further reference to this organization and its important publications for the next number of THE LIVING AGE.

The interest of the American Association of University Women in international affairs makes it an important factor in the

promotion of world understanding—and peace. The 'progress report' of the activities of this association for the years 1933-1935, prepared by Kathryn McHale, general director, should be read by all who have access to it. The Committee on International Relations of A.A.U.W. bears the special responsibility of directing this program subject to the Board of Directors and the National Convention. The China Institute in America, 119 West 57 Street, New York City, has an information bureau that is used by many newspapers, press associations, and periodicals in New York. The activities of this institute alone might well occupy the space available in this issue for the entire department of 'With the Organizations.'

The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, founded in 1925 by Hubert Herring, conducts several yearly seminars in Mexico and other Latin American countries, in addition to publishing a monthly review, *Three Americas*, which is the only non-commercial publication in English devoted exclusively to Latin America. The International Chamber of Commerce, presided over by F. H. Fentener Van Vlissingen of Holland, held an important Congress in Paris last summer. The Netherland-America Foundation, which coöperates actively with the Nederlandsch-Americaansche Fundatie at The Hague, aims to 'interpret and promote the mutual interests of the two great nations.' The Pan American Union, which is the organization maintained by 'the twenty-one American republics for the development of good understanding, friendly intercourse, commerce, and peace,' is controlled by a governing board composed of the American Secretary of State and the Washington representatives of the other nations.

To these several groups we extend felicitations for their achievements and the assurance of our fullest coöperation. In our next and succeeding issues we shall have much more to say about the organizations only briefly mentioned in this number.

THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

our readers accounts of two far-distant parts of the world, India and the Argentine Republic; and the two articles fall naturally into a group because the pictures they paint are so strikingly similar. Habibur Rahman is a special correspondent of the *Aljamiat*, a Mohammedan paper of Delhi. As a Mohammedan and a Nationalist, he has, of course, a strong bias against Communism. [p. 236]

THE other article of the group is by an Argentine who recently visited Spain and while there was invited by the editor of *Leviatán* to inform liberally minded Spaniards of the conditions in his home country across the sea. Like Mr. Rahman's, his tale is one of police suppression, unemployment, and dire poverty. [p. 240]

IT IS the contention of M. Maurice Petsche that the French moving-picture industry is in such desperate circumstances that only government intervention can save it from annihilation. The cure, in M. Petsche's view, is the creation of a National Cinema Foundation, to rationalize the industry, extend it credit, and exercise a monopoly of its export and import trade. [p. 243]

IN THE days of Rome's greatness and decline there roamed over the mountains and the plains of Central Asia—the area which archæologists know as Altai-Iran—those tribes from the East which were destined to play so dramatic a part in the destruction of the ancient pagan civilization and the creation of the Middle Ages. In the age of their power they gave the region from the Irtish to the southern shores of the Caspian Sea a common culture, the culture of the 'animal style.' Later, when the nomads had scattered, the great region developed local cultures again, and its one-time unity was lost. To-

day a new culture is once more unifying Altai-Iran, not the culture of the 'animal style,' but the culture of the machine. El-Registan reports, with a wealth of anecdote and description, the developments on the Russian side of the border, which now somewhat arbitrarily divides Altai-Iran. [p. 248]

WHAT is going on on the Persian side is told by Curio Mortari, a special correspondent of the Italian Fascist paper, the *Stampa*. As Signor Mortari says, in Persia almost everything has yet to be done. And yet 'a new civilization is on the march in the land of the Thousand and One Nights'—the civilization of modern power industry. [p. 252]

TOURISTS rarely visit Japan without being enchanted by its gardens. In 'The Gardens of Japan,' Mr. Setsuo Uenoda, himself a *chajin*, or devotee of the tea cult, with which the gardens are closely associated, attempts to analyze some of the elements which go to make up their mysterious enchantment, and, in doing so, tells a number of pretty anecdotes about them. [p. 255]

THE star of our 'Persons and Personages' department this month is Oliveira Salazar, the unassuming dictator of Portugal. In the course of an extended interview, Frédéric Lefèvre, editor of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, succeeds in presenting a rounded account of the man and his views. [p. 224]

OUR other 'Person' is General Hans von Seeckt, whom General Ludwig Beck described recently as the 'historic creator of the new Reich Army.' According to the author of our account, it was von Seeckt who was responsible for the kidnapping of Berthold Jacob, the German journalist only just released from a Nazi concentration camp. [p. 231]